

GH PHEASANTS AT IWERNE MINSTER (Illustrated). By Max Baker.
SCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN.

COUNTRY LIFE

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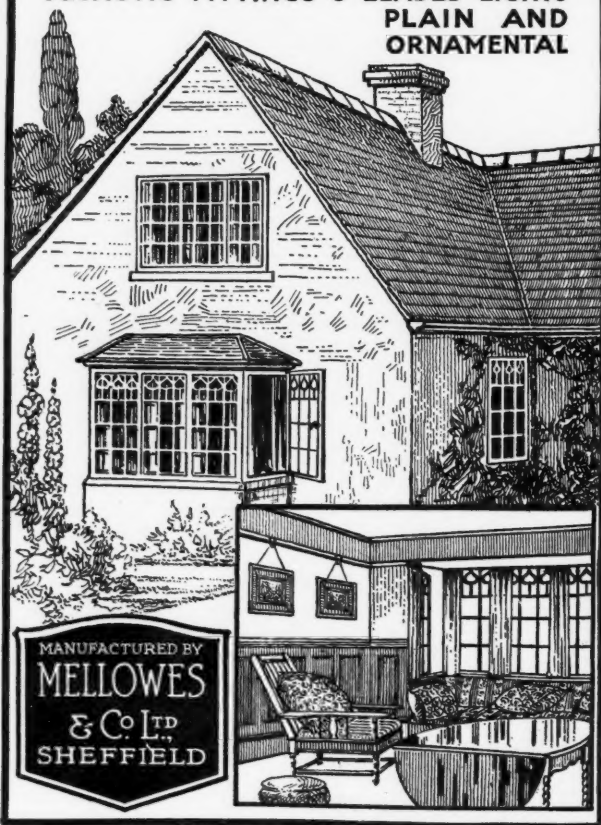
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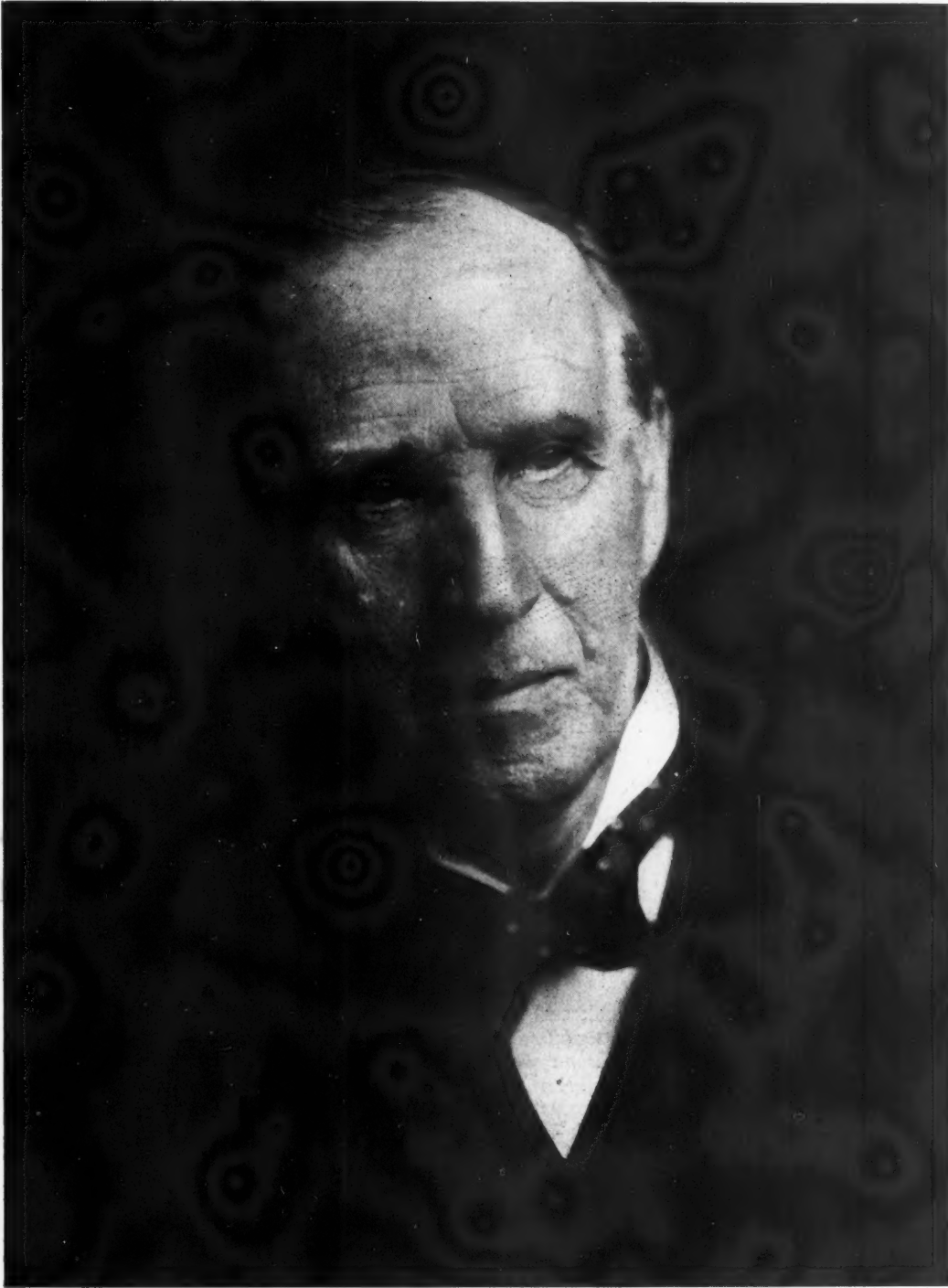
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G. C. BERESFORD.

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LORD SHAW AND LITERATURE

AT the end of the year it is customary to review the literary work of the last twelve months, but it would be a more promising undertaking to consider the subject set forth by Lord Shaw in his oration at King's College on Thursday last. He took for his subject "The Highways of Literature and the Wholesomeness of our Modern Literature." In regard to the latter question he classified opinion as considering modern literature as a Delectable Mountain or a Slough of Despond. Here, as elsewhere, the tendency is to divide the world into optimists and pessimists. A careful and right judgment is not likely to go to an extreme in either way. The literature of our time presents a bill of fare of "very mixed feeding." Good books and bad books jostle one another in the endless procession between the printing press and the bookseller. During the past year there have been some wonderfully good books published by authors of repute, and a few promising works by newcomers, but it would be going a long way to say that the good preponderates. It would be more exact, at any rate, to hold by the sober statement that, on the whole, there is an improvement. Lord Shaw finds that one of the most comforting facts about our literature is the "transiency of trash." But what does this actually mean? We know that bad literature usually has a short life; yet, that life is very often as long as the generation of mankind. If the fathers

read a kind of trash which goes into the oven about the same time as they pass away and their sons and daughters pay no heed to what their elders read, but straightway choose a trash of their own, the word "transiency" loses a great deal of the meaning which Lord Shaw gave it. Further, it is a large saying that "real literature of all kinds, even to the best, could enter freely and abundantly into the poor man's dwelling." If this be a reference to old books, it may pass without criticism; but we would like to see the fact established from a list of the books read mostly from the public libraries, which we may assume embodies the taste of the readers to whom Lord Shaw referred. Taste, of course, varies with neighbourhood, but in such sources of information as we have had access to there is no proof that real literature receives much attention in these quarters. The classical novels, with the possible exception of Dickens, are not much taken out. Thackeray is seldom read from a library. Sir Walter Scott is unknown to the young generation. Fielding is not read for his wide humanity and his sinewy style, as George Eliot called it, but for very much less worthy reasons, and even then by a very small number. We do not say that a taste for the great English novelists has gone out of fashion. On the contrary, new and generally expensive editions sell nearly as well as ever they did. There are probably in Great Britain far more libraries than there were at any other time of its history, but they belong to the minority who, at first sight, can discern the difference between trash and its opposite. If the reference was to new books, it does not seem to be any more correct, because the war has made an enormous difference in this respect. The costs of production are so great that it is impossible to publish books except at prices that make it difficult for the mass of the people to purchase and compel even libraries to limit their orders.

Other considerations come into account. English authors have, so far, not been attracted to the cinema as much as their American contemporaries; but a beginning has been made and they are being tempted to write for the film as well as for the reader. What effect this is going to have on literature is a side study that Lord Shaw might profitably follow up for the purpose of his next lecture on a similar topic. There, again, the possibilities of good are mingled with unpleasant realities. Anyone who writes for the films will, if he is successful, gain in the valuable qualities of definiteness and vivid description; but he will also be tempted to produce those cheap and easy effects which are those that tell with the uninstructed. To one who is neither optimist nor pessimist there is no more perplexing study than that of the influence of moving pictures upon literature. The cinema has obviously vast possibilities. It could be used to discover in the crowds that attend it a sense of the wholesome English fun and the equally wholesome pathos and love of beauty which characterise our greatest books. On the other hand, it is an implement which, by the unscrupulous, can be employed for the purpose of gathering returns by pandering to the lowest taste in the spectators. The outlook cannot be described as hopeless when we think of the delightful things that have been placed on the screen—the plays of Barrie, for example—and there seem to be signs, at least, of a revulsion of feeling from the less worthy attempts to appeal to the groundlings. One hopes that a united and strong effort will be made to get the cinema into the place appointed for it. We can imagine it as not only disseminating fun and enjoyment, but as a means of extending appreciation of what is finest and most valuable in literature.

Another question rather too wide to be entered upon at this stage is that of the periodical publications. It is a bad sign of the times that the magazines from which we used to expect, not in vain, examples of good writing as well as other things have dwindled so that there are not more than about half a dozen that make it a point to publish only the best that comes before them. The others play down to a less educated audience.

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COUNTRY NOTES

ONCE more we have the pleasure to wish our readers a Merry Christmas. Let not the cynic imagine that there is any irony in this wish. It is not uttered without a knowledge that there will be many households this Christmas which cannot be merry. There are many clouds and difficulties in the commercial and national outlook. Nevertheless, nothing is more true than Shakespeare's "A merry heart goes all the day, your sad tires in a mile-a." Those who give expression to the right kind of merriment in these days of Yule will themselves be better fitted for "the trivial round, the common task," and they will help and inspire the downhearted wherever they are met. It is an appeal to the gaiety which is begotten by courage out of resolution.

IT would be premature to discuss Lord Ernle's series of articles in the *Times* on the need of a new policy in agriculture without reading more than the first instalment. It can be said, however, that he draws attention to one of the most important subjects of the day, and the first instalment shows that he has analysed the question and reduced it to clearness. In proof of that it will be enough to direct attention to the paragraph in which he shows that the nation and farmers do not think in the same terms when they discuss an agricultural policy. The husbandman thinks in terms of his business; the nation in terms of national advantages. Now, obviously, the successful policy is that which will reconcile these apparently antagonistic ideas. There are urgent reasons why every effort should be made to increase the quality and quantity of home-grown food; but this will not be done unless the farmers are induced by a sound prospect of profitable returns to go into the matter with all their energy. Lord Ernle has only so far been engaged in clearing the way for a statement of his recommendations, and, therefore, it is better to reserve judgment until we have the whole of his case in front of us.

IN the same issue of our contemporary a Dutchman gives his views on English agriculture. They are by no means flattering. Certain of our institutions awaken admiration, as the Royal Agricultural and other shows, the unique experiments at Rothamsted and demonstrations of drainage machinery in Lincolnshire, but the writer, J. Korthals-Altes, expresses his astonishment that "this admirable country is not up to date in making the most productive use of agricultural possibilities." To go into detail, cultivation is not so intensive as it should be. The education of those engaged in farming is not as good as it might be. Co-operation among farmers needs widening. They ought to combine for the purpose of buying and running threshing, mole-ploughing and other machinery, and for the establishment of dairy factories. Perhaps the most important point he discusses is whether the improvements should be left to private effort or taken up

by the Government. He is wholly in favour of a private effort. In accordance with a great many Continental agriculturists, he has an apprehension about the outcome if there is too much interference on the part of the Government. The Government will do best by supervision and guidance. The farmer has got into a very bad habit of believing that his prosperity, or lack of prosperity, is due to Government action. This is not so in those countries which are making most progress in the art of husbandry. There individual effort inspires more individual effort, until the heaven goes through the whole body.

LORD HALDANE is surely taking a very perverse method of championing education when he protests so loudly that all is going wrong because it is recommended that less money be spent upon it. Lord Haldane is of Scottish extraction, and of all people in the world a Scot ought to be the last to promulgate a view of this kind. The Scottish forefathers of Lord Haldane made their country what it is because they concentrated on doing the best they could with what they had. They did not spend much on education, and still Scotland was by far the best educated part of the British Empire. Anybody who knows even a little of what is going on in the educational world to-day knows that a vast amount of money might as well be poured into the Thames as used in the way in which it is used. If there were any Minister with a real live interest in education who could overhaul the complete system, we are perfectly sure that a much better education than has ever been given in Great Britain might be obtained at much less than the expenditure to which the six business men propose to cut it down. Lord Haldane, with his rather excited description of education as "Beloved of my soul," argues as though education and the expense of education were one and the same thing. Surely, he knows that of all things in this world education is the last thing to be valued by a money standard.

FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Lo! the poor wight, in cumbrous trappings dressed,
Comes to the service as he's pressed,
While in the hedge the unchecked robin sings
And from the barns and fields the things,
Informed with urging life, but witless and forlorn,
Call for his cherishing;
Christmas is perishing,
Alas! in vain was man's sweet Brother born,
If his love-censured season may not bring
Love's essence and perfume to ev'ry sentient thing
When the strong year rides peaceful to its close
And spring's first sentinel arises from repose
And in the country's soul that hope is newly stirred
Which aptly tunes the song of ev'ry chanting bird.

A. J. NEAL.

CONCEALED within the brilliant *persiflage* with which the Lord Chancellor gave the toast of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas were, as often happens with this many-sided lawyer, one or two truths which composers might take to heart. Since "Patience" and its companions appeared there has been nothing of the kind equally notable produced on the London stage, although there have been singing plays by the hundred. The difference between them chiefly lies in this—that Gilbert always had an object clearly before him. He never did any fooling for fooling's sake. As the Lord Chancellor said, when he made a song about the Law it was admired by lawyers for its understanding and by laymen for its clever satire. In "Patience" he ridiculed the æsthetic movement of the time so gently and cleverly that those who were at the centre loved the burlesque as much as those who only knew it from drawings in the comic papers. Those who tried to rival the success of these operas failed to grasp this point at all. They produced fireworks more or less brilliant, but fireworks that did nothing and were not meant to do anything, and, in consequence, they pleased for a moment only. There was nothing in them on which the mind could dwell. It makes all the difference in the world to a writer when he has a clear object before him

and a connective tissue, as it were, round which he can weave his chaplet of fancy or satire.

ANOTHER point about Gilbert may also be taken to heart.

He was one day asked how he managed to make a jest on such abstruse matters as æstheticism enjoyable to the common mind. Gilbert's reply was that in every theatre of his time he noticed there was a man sitting in the pit either eating sandwiches or sucking an orange, while at intervals he gazed stolidly at the performance. On him Gilbert fixed his eye, and he was not satisfied with a jest until it brought a smile to the face of this stolid individual. In other words, he learnt that to appeal to the public you must make your point absolutely clear, not only to the clever, but to the average man and the man slightly below the average.

MANY a distressed debtor has comforted himself in dreamland by imagining that he would discover the Philosopher's Stone and thereby be able to transmute all the baser metals into gold, thus realising the happiness of King Midas. Even that potentate, however, found that disappointment and disaster awaited his realisation of the dream. We wonder if the Germans really think that they are going to pay their debts by the manufacture of synthetic gold. It is emblematic of the spirit of the age, is it not, that they should not summon magic to their aid, but rely on the more prosy chemist? The prospects of his success are not very bright. Such an experiment would be so very costly that even if the transmutation were successful and the base metals changed into pure gold, it would be an entirely fancy article, probably dearer to buy than the natural product. The reason is that the only hope of accomplishing such a feat lies in the potency of radium, and, unfortunately, there is very little radium available and its cost for such a purpose is prohibitive.

EVERY country housekeeper knows that the rural shop is much more reluctant to let down prices than is the London retailer. As a matter of fact, there are many people now served by the large multiple shops or stores who would gladly give their custom to the local shop if they were sure of obtaining the same quality of goods at the same price as they do from town. In some country towns, notably Sheringham, measures have been taken by the consumers to bring down the high prices. A Residents' Association has been formed to meet the retailers and watch the needs of the consumer. The plan has acted so well that it has been adopted at various other places. We hope it will be applied to the railway rates as well. In the case of fish these rates exceed the value of the goods carried. An instance is given of four hundred barrels of sprats being sent from Inverness to London and being sold at five shillings a barrel. That may be said to be an exceptional case, but the railway rates for sprats are in many cases nearly four times the value of the fish.

EVERYBODY will sympathise with Mrs. Thomas Hardy and the other newspaper correspondents who have been deprecating the increase of the grey squirrel at the expense of our beautiful and harmless little rodent. We do not know whether it is all due to the grey squirrel or not, but of recent years there has been a perceptible tendency to decrease on the part of the native squirrel. In woods and plantations where it was the commonest and most interesting little object twenty or thirty years ago, one's eye is now gladdened only with an occasional glimpse of one running up a tree. On the other hand, the grey squirrel has developed that faculty of multiplying in a foreign country which has so often occurred in imported animals. The little owl is a warning and an example. The grey squirrel is mischievous and a destroyer of birds and their eggs. There is much to be said for the suggestion that before its numbers get beyond control it would be a wise thing to exterminate it as far as this country is concerned.

VERY few champions at the game of chess have reached the age of four-score years, and none of them has ever recorded the feat performed by Mr. Blackburne. At

the age of eighty he played twenty players simultaneously belonging to the Empire Chess Club. They were nearly all good players and some of them a little more than good. They were by no means the easy victims that the simultaneous player finds in an obscure club. Nevertheless, the old master succeeded in winning nine, drawing ten and losing only one. This is a fine pendant to the many extraordinary feats he has performed, and it is rather a sad reflection that he cannot now afford to rest upon his laurels. Professional chess is the worst paid of all professionalism. It is a matter of pride and pity that some of the best games between celebrated champions have been played for a cup of coffee, and the reward that a professional billiard player gets for a single game is as much as a first-class chess player obtains in a twelvemonth. We say nothing of the riches heaped upon professional boxers, who, in these days, obtain for one display what would be thought a handsome fortune by any other class. We hope means will be found to increase the small annuity purchased for Mr. Blackburne some years ago.

A POOR CHILD'S VISION OF CHRISTMAS.

Champféry. 1921.

Far in the woodland wild he sees
Gleaming the rows of Christmas trees,
While in the shrine there Mary mild
Watches above the Holy Child.

There the little child angels play.
White of the moon, gold of the day
Into a tender twilight fade,
Under the deep of pine-trees' shade.

Soft and sweet is the piney air
As of a censer swinging there,
Toys, and treasures, and wax-lights pale
Blend in a wonderful fairy tale.

Down to his home the way is dark
Lit by the pole-star's fiery spark,
But he recalls the joys above
And the gifts of the Christ-Child's love.

MABEL LEIGH.

AN important agreement has been arrived at with France and Belgium about the duration of summer-time. When each country went its own way independently very great inconvenience was caused; but it is now agreed that in the three countries summer-time shall commence on the night of the last Saturday in March, or the last Saturday but one in March when it happens that the last Saturday is the day preceding Easter Day; and end on the night of the first Saturday in October. The British Government has informed the French that they are prepared to submit to Parliament the legislation to give effect to this agreement. A Bill will be introduced early next session. The dates, it will be noticed, correspond very nearly to those which prevailed in England this summer. In France summer-time previously has begun on March 15th and ended on October 25th, so that in that country there will be a considerable difference.

THE tentative English Fifteen were much more severely tried last Saturday by the South than they had been by the North, but they still emerged victorious by a handsome margin. The actual scores were 29 points against 17, but, while giving every credit to the losers for sticking so gamely to their guns, it may be assumed that they would not have scored quite so freely if some of their conquerors had not taken life a little easily at the end. Davies and Kershaw were once again playing together for England, and once again they had obviously a great deal to do with the result of the game. They play a game which would be disastrous if it were attempted by the less talented, but, as they play it, it is often almost irresistible. A "stand-off" half-back who can catch anything that comes even approximately within reach of him, even if it come like a shot out of a gun, is an enormously important factor in the winning of matches.

WOODEN CUPS and WASSAIL BOWLS

Though the modern Christmas is not so boisterous as was that of our forefathers, still it is a time when the carol-singer prays "God rest you merry, gentlemen," and the mind is inclined to consider not only the potation, but the vessel that holds it; this discourse on cups and bowls by an authority of the first rank should find many readers.—ED.

FOR those who are curious as to the nature of the vessels out of which our ancestors drank there exists a copious literature dealing with such materials as silver, pewter, glass, pottery and china. Yet wood, combined with the turner's art, which provided their chief drinking vessels, has received but little attention. The old English adjective "treen" (that is, of tree) has now given place to "wooden," but it was formerly employed for all vessels of this substance, which were then in general use. The mediæval mazer-bowl of maple-wood with silver mounts has, it is true, been the subject of much antiquarian research, but few attempts have been made to describe the other drinking vessels of treen used in early times.

"Of drinking cups," says Heywood, writing in 1635, "divers and sundry sorts we have; some of Elme, some of Box, some of Maple, some of Holly, etc. Mazers, broad

I trow there shall be an honest fellowship, save first shall they of ale have new back bones. With strong ale brewed in vats and in tons; Ping, Drangollie and the Draget fine, Mead, Mattelbru, and the Metheling. Red wine, the claret and the white, with Tent and Alicant, in whom I delight. Wine of Languedoc and of Orleans thereto; Single beer and the other that is double: Spruce beer, and the beer of Hamburgh: Malmsey, Tires and Romany.

Mead, metheglin, cider, beer and ale are the oldest of our native liquors. Mead or hydromel (*i.e.*, honey and water) was made of honey mixed with water and fermented; while metheglin (the Welsh meddyglyn) appears to be a spiced variety of mead, originally peculiar to Wales, which was common in some country districts until a few years ago. A number of recipes for mead and metheglin appeared at intervals in the Correspondence columns of COUNTRY LIFE.

The principal drink from the sixteenth century onwards for which the wooden wassail bowl was used, particularly on



Fig. 1.—1611. (Sir Charles James Jackson.) Fig. 2.—1611. (Mr. A. Dunn-Gardner.) Fig. 3.—1680. (Mr. Percival Griffiths.)
STANDING CUPS OF PEAR OR BEECHWOOD ENGRAVED AND DATED.

mouth'd Dishes, Noggins, Wiskins, Piggins, Crinzes, Ale-bowles, Wassell-bowles, Court-dishes, Tankards, Kannes, from a pottle to a pint, from a pint to a gill."

The most familiar of these is the wassail bowl. The word wassail (from the old English *waes hæl*, "be whole," "be well") was primarily the ancient form of toasting, the term being applied later to the Christmas feasting and revelries, and particularly to the liquor used on these occasions; finally to the bowl in which the beverage called wassail, wassel, or wossel, was mixed and contained. Literary references to the wassail bowl occur from early mediæval times.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1784 says: "It was the custom some years ago, in Christmas time, for the poorer people to go from door to door with a *wassail cup* adorned with ribbons and a golden apple on top, singing and begging money for it, that they might procure *lamb's wool* to fill it."

The names of the various liquors drunk in England in the Middle Ages are included in a fifteenth century work known as "Colin Blabol's Testament":

festive occasions, such as Christmas and Twelfth-night, was the mixture known as lamb's wool. The origin of the name lamb's wool is obscure. It is said to be derived from the Irish *la mas ubhal*—the day of the apple fruit or the feast of apple gathering, November 1st, dedicated to the angel presiding over fruits and seeds; hence *la mas ubhal*, being pronounced lamasool, was corrupted into lamb's wool. Others hold that it was so named from the resemblance of the soft pulp of the roasted apple, which formed one of its ingredients, to the wool of a lamb. The drink itself was composed of ale sweetened with sugar and flavoured with spice; the baked apple pulp was placed on the surface of the bowl and the white woolly mass stirred down and dissolved in the liquor.

Next crown the bowl full
With gentle lamb's wool:
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too;
And thus ye must do
To make the wassail a swinger.

—HERRICK.



Fig. 4.—BEECHWOOD CUP, about 1680.
(Mr. J. A. Scrimgeour.)

Fig. 5.—WASSAIL BOWL of lignum vitæ,
about 1660.

(The Sulgrave Institution, Sulgrave Manor, Northants.)

Fig. 6.—BEECHWOOD CUP, 1684.
(Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, F.R.C.S.)

The bowl (Fig. 10) belonging to Mr. A. Dunn-Gardner is of special interest. Affixed to the outside are eight silver plaques in the form of apple boughs, on which are engraved the ingredients of lamb's wool—"Apples—nut-megge—Hony—spices"—the ale, of course, being understood.

Lamb's wool appears to have been generally consumed hot, and the bowls in which it was served and the wooden cups out of which it was sometimes drunk have occasionally come down to us with their original wooden covers, often surmounted by a pinnacled knob, opened by means of a screw or catch, and containing a receptacle for spice.

Most of these cups and bowls date from the seventeenth century, and the frequent allusions made to lamb's wool

show that its use was general for more than 200 years. Thus Peele, in "Old Wives Tales" (1595), writes: "Lay a crab (*i.e.*, crab apple) in the fire to roast for lamb's wool." Again, Burton, in the "Anatomy of Melancholy": "I finde those that commend use of apples in Splenatick and this kind of Melancholy: Lambswool some call it." Pepys in 1666 records thus: "We to card till two in the morning and drinking lamb's wool." And in 1667: "At night to sup, and then to cards; and last of all, have a flaggon of ale and apples, drunk out of a wood cup as a Christmas draught, which made all merry." Lastly, Goldsmith, in the "Vicar of Wakefield": "The lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent."



FIG. 7.—SILVER-MOUNTED CUP OF PEARWOOD, FITTED WITH A NEST OF TUMBLERS, about 1650.
(The Victoria and Albert Museum.)



Fig. 8.—Bowl of the Company of Merchants of Muscovia, or Russian Company, about 1620. (Mr. H. D. Ellis.)

Fig. 9.—Large bowl with ladle. Height 12½ ins., diameter 13½ ins.; capacity 4 gallons; about 1640. (Mr. A. E. Shipton.)

Fig. 10.—Lamb's Wool or Wassail Bowl, with silver mounts, about 1670. (Mr. A. Dunn-Gardner.)

WASSAIL BOWLS OF LIGNUM VITÆ.



Fig. 11.—Shallow Bowl, silver mounted and jewelled, sixteenth century. (Mr. H. H. Edmondson.)

Fig. 12.—Wassail Bowl with cover, about 1660. (Mr. J. A. Scrimgeour.)

Fig. 13.—Bowl on foot, with shallow rim mounted with silver, about 1650. (Mr. J. A. Scrimgeour.)

WASSAIL BOWLS OF LIGNUM VITÆ AND MAPLEWOOD.



Figs. 14, 15 and 16.—WASSAIL BOWLS OF LIGNUM VITÆ, about 1630-60. (Mr. J. A. Scrimgeour.)

The large turned bowls for wassail or lamb's wool were made almost exclusively of *lignum vitæ*—"the tree of life." This, the wood of the guaiacum tree of the West Indies, was so named on account of its high repute as a medicinal agent in early times. The density and durability of *lignum vitæ* rendered it especially serviceable for wassail bowls, which had to bear the burden of a considerable quantity of hot liquid. The bowl, for instance, shown in Fig. 9 has a capacity of no less than thirty-two pints, or four gallons, and there is a bowl in the London Museum, presented by Earl Curzon, which is of almost equal size. Of great historical interest is the silver-mounted wassail bowl (Fig. 8) belonging to Mr. H. D. Ellis, which was formerly the property of Muscovia or Russia Company of London. It is mounted with four silver medallions engraved with the rose and crown of England, the thistle and crown of Scotland, the harp and crown of Ireland, and the coat of arms of the company. The date may be placed at about 1615 to 1630. The covered wassail bowl belonging to the Sulgrave Institution (Fig. 5) has lately been acquired for Sulgrave Manor, Northamptonshire, the home of the ancestors of George Washington. It is a fine example of a type such as might well have been used by the Washingtons in the middle of the seventeenth century. The cover and the spice-box which surmounts it, as well as the foot and base, are elaborately decorated with turned work.

The standing cups, used for spiced drinks on special occasions, are distinct from wassail bowls and are generally of pear or beech wood. They are decorated with incised ornament and enriched with stripes and patterns which appear to have been produced by scorching the surface with a hot iron; and are also adorned with various badges, including the Royal arms, and, in the case of the earlier examples, with a series of inscriptions generally of a semi-religious nature, which occur round the rim of the cover, the lip of the bowl and the edge of the foot. About a dozen specimens fully decorated in this manner are known, most of them provided with covers surmounted by a spice-box. All, with one exception, are dated, the dates extending from 1611—the year of Mr. Dunn-Gardner's cup (Fig. 2)—to 1687, which is engraved on a

cup in the British Museum. There are, in addition, a few later cups, like Mr. Scrimgeour's (Fig. 4), which are decorated merely with a series of hatchings. These standing cups are exquisite examples of turnery and present in their shapes very interesting comparison with contemporary standing cups in silver. From the turner's point of view the pearwood cup, fitted with its nest of tumblers, all rimmed with silver (Fig. 7), is especially attractive. It has recently been presented by Mr. Peter Jones to the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Reference has already been made to the old Christmas custom of carrying a wassail bowl round a town or village, singing a festive song, drinking the health of the inhabitants, and collecting money to replenish the bowl. From time to time versions of the verses sung on these occasions have been given in COUNTRY LIFE, and in particular the words of a ditty or wassail in yearly use in the districts of Sheffield, North-East Derbyshire and North Nottinghamshire in asking for Christmas boxes. The Devonshire custom of wassailing the orchards at Christmas by pouring pitchers of cider over the roots, accompanied by rhyming toasts to their health in order to have a fruitful year, seems to be a relic of the heathen sacrifice to Pomona. This ancient ceremony was the subject of Mr. Eden Phillpott's well known poem, "Wassailing the Apple-Trees," which was first published in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE. Here are a few lines from the poem, which should be read in its entirety:

Old Christmas Eve's the proper night
For wassailing the apple trees;
And though the snow came to their knees,
Our forefathers done what was right,
Poured out their cider, sang their tune
And fired their guns beneath the moon.

... The maidens cider pitchers bring,
With liquor steaming on the air
And toast and spices floating there.
Then come a score of boys to sing. . . .

... Then pour their cider at the roots
To help another summer's fruits.

H. CLIFFORD SMITH.



LADY VIOLET ASTOR, FROM A PAINTING BY MR A. J. MUNNINGS.

MEMORABLE STALKS: WATERBUCK

BY SIR FREDERICK J. JACKSON, K.C.M.G., C.B.

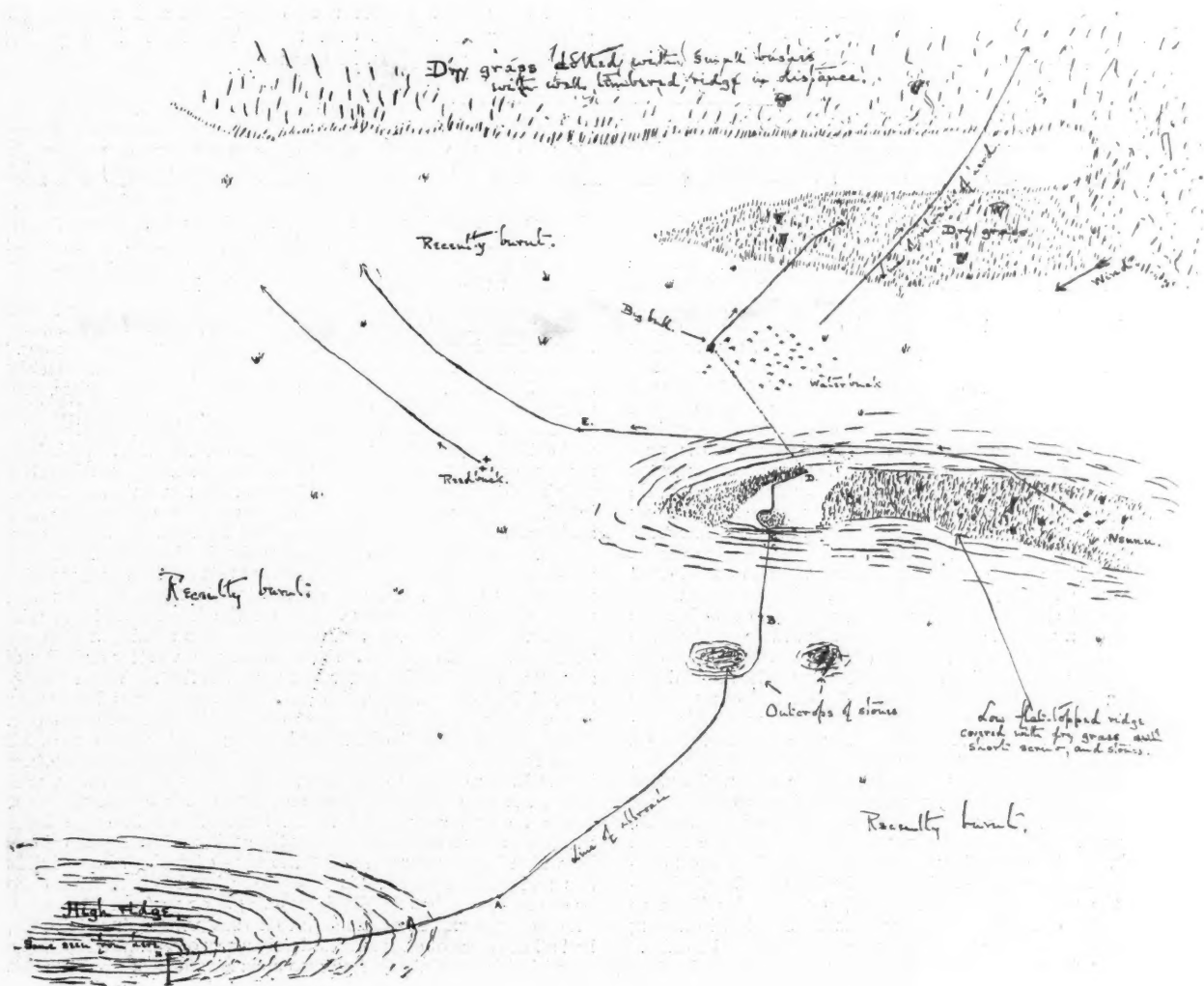
IT is probable that most big-game hunters can recall days when everything went right, and others when everything went wrong. Between the years 1885 and 1899 my diaries, and a record kept of every rifle shot fired at game, and also the results, showed that about one day in every seven was bad—the word being used in rather an elastic sense. It embraced days when everything was against me, and I knew it; days when nothing that I was aware of, or responsible for, was against me; days of varying degrees of genuine bad luck; and also, to be frank, days of bad “foozles” and stupid blunders. At intervals there were records of days when luck literally beamed on me. I think, however, the shooting of the finest waterbuck I ever saw, and the last but one I killed just before finally leaving Uganda in 1917, caps all others in the matter of luck. It was also a day of surprises.

Except the one thing in my favour, that I knew the ground, having been over it twice, five and three years previously, practically everything was against seeing anything worth shooting as a trophy—or, if I did, being able to get within range of it. The locality was the famous Hima River, in Toro, and the actual spot was quite close to the scene of two other memorable stalks.

Just about two years before, General Malleson and Major E. S. Grogan, when on a mission to the Belgian Military Headquarters near Lake Kivu, had spent a few days at this same camp in the hope of bagging a good head or two of our famous Toro waterbuck—the finest in all Africa. They, however, reported on their return that all the game was very wild owing to its having been constantly harassed by native hunters and their dogs, and also that only one really good head had been seen in the neighbourhood. For some months previous to their visit, and for more than a year afterwards, this particular road had been in very constant use for transporting vast quantities of military stores and equipment for the Belgians, as well as all their reinforcements in officers and N.C.O.s. There had also been large gangs of native labourers under European

supervision employed on improvements to the road and on bridging all the rivers and streams for cart traffic. To all these Europeans, both Belgian and British, permission had been granted to shoot a reasonable amount of game for meat without payment for a licence; and, of course, full advantage had been taken of this privilege. With a view to affording some measure of protection to beasts carrying good heads the words “including females” were added on each permit. There are many instances of men who neither kept nor appreciated a good head, bagging an unusually fine one when meat was their only object. The head of the first bongo shot by a European was left on the ground to rot.

Under such circumstances it would have been unreasonable to expect the game, whether waterbuck, reedbuck or n'sunu (Thomson's Kob), to be anything but extremely wild. And so I expected to find them when, within two miles or less of camp, a herd of waterbuck (about thirty in number), two reedbuck, and three n'sunu were seen from a ridge of high ground that commanded an extensive view in every direction. The attached chart shows their positions as they lay or stood on a large patch of recently burnt ground bare of all cover except a few scorched bushes dotted about. It was at once evident that no manœuvre could prevent anyone approaching the waterbuck under cover of the low ridge from being seen either by the reedbuck or the n'sunu. As, however, both the latter are rather confiding under ordinary conditions, there was just a remote chance of their not giving me away. In any case, as I was out solely for the pot, and, moreover, there was no waterbuck in sight with horns much above 30 ins., I did not care whether the latter moved or not; they could scarcely take up a worse position. But in order to reduce the chance against my getting within range I decided to proceed alone. Up to point A I was in full view of everything, but it was not until point B was reached that the n'sunu took alarm and disappeared on the further side of the ridge. In the belief that



A CHART SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE WATERBUCK, REEDBUCK AND N'SUNU.

any chance of a shot there might have been up till then had quite vanished, I went forward to C, when, from here onwards to the end, one surprise followed another. The first came in the appearance of the n'sunu at point E, they having crossed my front below the ridge instead of joining up, as I thought they would, with the waterbuck; then a peep at the latter, over the brow of the bridge, with a wisp of grass to camouflage my face, showed that they had not moved, nor did they display any signs of alarm. A few moments later the reedbuck began whistling, but still there was no sign of alarm among the waterbuck. Such neglect of two very distinct warnings of danger was so remarkable that I waited some little time and then decided that this turn in events really warranted a little care and trouble, entailing a stomach crawl of only about a hundred yards. It was certainly a bit stony and tiring, but the shooting point D was eventually reached without mishap, and it was only while working myself gradually round and into a sitting position that two cows saw me and stood up. The rest of the herd quickly followed suit, among them a bull that had lain all the time behind, and close up to, a small scorched bush about 220yds. away, but until that moment had not been noticed. It is, perhaps, just as well that it was so ordained or the suspense doing that last crawl would have been little less than agonising.



TWO FINE TORO WATERBUCK HEADS.

My surprise when his grand head, neck and chest suddenly appeared over that bush as he rose and stood end on was indeed great, but it scarcely equalled the feeling of joy when the answer to the shot came back, and a spasmodic galloping rush told its own tale. The head is a perfect one, with horns $37\frac{1}{2}$ ins. in length.

VISCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN

JOHN MORLEY, or "Honest John," as he was familiarly called in his prime will celebrate his eighty-third birthday just after these words come before the reader. He was born in the last week of the year 1838 at Blackburn in Lancashire. Between then and now lies a brilliant, intellectual, political and philosophical career. He came of a county where dissent in various forms prevailed, and in early life accepted the beliefs current in his native atmosphere. Hard experience, wide reading and much thought carried him beyond the simple religion of his childhood. His father was a surgeon who was not very opulent but set great store on a good education. He chose the best school in the neighbourhood for the preliminary instruction of his son; then, by a strenuous effort, sent him to the College at Cheltenham whence, by an exhibition, he proceeded to Lincoln College, Oxford. Having got so far, he never looked back. He may be said to have drifted into, rather than chosen, the path of literature. After his college life was over we next discover him as one of "all the talents" who contributed to the *Saturday Review*, then at its most brilliant period. At times he caught sight of another young man who also became famous. Once a week he and Robert Cecil used to meet at the office of the *Saturday Review*, but the future Earl of Salisbury was even then as silent and shy as in the years when he did not always recognise the members of his own Cabinet. Young Morley could not in any case have been in great sympathy with his Conservative colleague. He and his friend, Leslie Stephen, also on the staff of the *Saturday*, were shut out from political writing, for, he says, they were both "in politics inexorable root and branch men"; while "our editorial masters were just as strong for Church and Queen, with even a dark suspicion of partnership with Dr Pusey." He furnished a good example of the way in which Cook, the famous editor of the *Saturday*, fished out contributors for various parts of his journal with complete indifference as to the political tenets they held, but were forbidden to discuss. Morley did not stay longer than he could help among company that must on the whole have been uncongenial to him.

His early friendships were of a very different kind. The most important of them from the point of view of his own development was that with J. S. Mill, whose acquaintance he had formed

through Mill having been much struck by a *Saturday Review* article of his own on New Ideas. The two discovered a great deal of sympathy with one another and Morley even now repudiates the slighting manner in which Mill was spoken of by some of the great men of that time. Meredith, whose friendship Morley gained and valued beyond measure, never knew Mill, but from his writings characterised him as "partaking of the Spinster." Disraeli had formed the same impression after hearing Mill make an early speech, for it is said: he "raised his eyeglass, and murmured to a neighbour on the bench, 'Ah, the Finishing Governess!'" Fitzjames Stephen, on the other hand, described him as "cold as ice, a walking book," but the cold, and logical Mill held far more attraction for Morley than the thunderings of Carlyle which he described as "splendid caricature: words and images infinitely picturesque and satiric, marvellous collocations and antithesis, impassioned railings against all the human and even superhuman elements in our blindly misguided universe." Anyone who understands Morley will know that this inspired poetry which was partly raving, did not appeal to his dispassionate mind, which dwelt as little as possible on the horrors and fantasies that haunted Carlyle, but rather was always seeking a signpost that would in his estimation show a way to a better ordering of society; Meredith he venerated from the first. When Morley arrived in London, Meredith was about ten years his senior, but a lasting friendship was at once sealed between the two. It endured to the end of Meredith's life; Morley was one of his three trustees. At that time Meredith lived in a modest cottage in the Esher country of Surrey, and Morley writes like a poet about the man who embodied so many of his own aspirations. When he was staying with him Meredith would come in to breakfast after a long walk among the cool woods and green slopes by which he was surrounded "the turn of radiant irony in his lips and peaked beard, his fine poetic head bright with crisp brown hair, Phœbus Apollo descending upon us from Olympus." The young journalist owed much to his senior, who, in actual life, had all the force of character and poignancy of wit which are to be found in his novels. He had also a curious critical faculty of his own, as when he said that he liked Hardy, a frequent visitor, and was afflicted by his 'twilight view of life.'

The influence of Mill made itself felt on a different side of his personality. He tells us that what gave value to his talk whether in company with six or eight or only one, was mental discipline as much as tenets, and that gives the key to his life. No man could have more useful friends to help him in the particular career which Morley had chosen. During the years 1867 and 1882 he was Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and his tenure of office forms, perhaps, the brightest chapter in the history of that famous publication. It was he who bent it in the political direction which it has followed ever since. His next great editorship was that of the "English Men of Letters Series," published by the firm of Macmillan and Co. The series is a wonderful repository of criticism and information about English men of Letters. Probably Lord Morley would be the first to contradict us if we described it as perfect or ideal. In many cases, as in that of Austin Dobson, the writer of the volume was beautifully adjusted to the task he took in hand and the book he produced was an addition to English literature. In other cases, the choice was not so happy. Mr. Andrew Lang, in the heyday of his fame, was asked to write on Tennyson, but the conjunction was not very happy and the result did not do justice either to the writer of the volume or the subject of it. Had Lang been asked to rehearse his love of the "Border Ballads," he would have been in his glory. It must, however, have been very difficult to discern the square peg for the square hole, and anyone who essayed to produce a work dealing with so many masters of English literature could not possibly have avoided making mistakes. There are few editors who could have succeeded as well as Morley.

The editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was a smaller but equally interesting episode in his life. Lord Morley describes it as "taking charge of an evening print," a phrase that would have maddened its previous editor, Frederick Greenwood, who loved to think of his bantling as the journal in "Pendennis" "written by gentlemen for gentlemen." He had produced a new, gay and charming kind of newspaper, but the Liberalism with which he began was not deep-rooted. As Greenwood came to look more deeply into things his native Conservatism began to assert itself, so, as Lord Morley puts it: "Of this gallant ship, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of which Jingo ideas had thus been the cargo, I now undertook to be the captain, under a liberal-minded and courageous owner, as loyal and bold as he was indulgent." Then he secured the assistance of W. T. Stead and the change in the *Pall Mall* was great indeed, though its subsequent history does not concern us here. When Morley retired, Stead stepped into

his shoes. While all this literary work was going on Lord Morley was obtaining ever greater influence in the world of politics. He first contested "forlorn hopes" at Blackburn and Westminster. For neither place did he succeed in entering Parliament. A much more important constituency, Newcastle-on-Tyne, was the first that he represented in Parliament. It was through Spence Watson, a man of great power in the North, that he was first induced to stand, and for twelve years he remained member for Newcastle. His colleague in the first instance was Joseph Cowen, a Northumbrian who had many of the excellent characteristics of his native county, but also no small amount of its perversity. His eloquence Lord Morley describes as "florid, impassioned, ingenious and overwrought." Not without malice he quoted Bright's gibe made after hearing Cowen's last speech in Parliament, that you could listen to it in wonder and admiration "provided you did not attend to what he said." Up to then it had always been held that a man of letters could never make a satisfactory politician, but Morley proved that saying to be erroneous. He became a politician of the first rank.

We say this without endorsing in any way the views for which he stands, nor is it our intention to criticise them. It takes many kinds of people to make a political world, and it has been the pride of England that all sides are given a fair hearing. What told most in Morley's favour was his character. It was no idle wit that dubbed him "Honest John." Wherever he went, his character for rectitude and trustworthiness gained recognition. Gladstone, no mean judge of character, reposed in him the utmost confidence, a confidence that remained unbroken till his death. Anyone reading the great biography which Morley wrote of his erstwhile chief, will recognise that there were solid grounds for the confidence reposed in him. No great man could desire to have a better biography. It contains no flattery, no concealment of weakness, no hiding of criticism, and yet all the greatness of William Ewart Gladstone is portrayed with the fidelity of a friend and a disciple. Of the books he has written, Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone" is, in the opinion of the present writer, the greatest. That is by no means to belittle the others. A collection of Lord Morley's books means the gathering together of a number of works all of which are marked by sound learning, clear and incisive style and independent and original thought. If he had done no political work whatever, the authorship of these books would have entitled him to the peerage for which he was named by another friend of long standing, Mr. Asquith. P. A. G.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK

For Me Alone, by André Cortois. (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.)

SOMEONE recently divided authors into three categories: those who write for the public, those who write for a public, and those who write for themselves. All the terms whereby we are wont to signify approval of the better sort of books among the first two categories fall away, abashed, from our pens as soon as we find ourselves in the presence of a genuine specimen of the third. We cannot say of *For Me Alone* that it is striking or distinguished, delicate or subtle (although it is all these), simply because it happens to be in addition the rare real thing; it is on another plane; it is fed by some diviner air that reaches us even through the curtain of translation. The material out of which the book is made is of the simplest; it is a study of the soul of a woman who lives a narrow life in a French village, married to a man infinitely her mental and spiritual inferior. Nothing really happens—not even (by a supreme irony) the one thing on which the book turns; yet we follow the quiet chronicle with a sort of breathless rapture, caught up into some heavenly mansion of delight. We have only two small protests to make—one to the author, one to the translator, and we make them merely because even the smallest blemish, when it is perfection that it mars, seems intolerable. First, then, why make *Alvère* repeat at the end what she has sufficiently announced at the beginning—her resolution to destroy what she has written? Since we hold the pages in our hands and they are obviously not destroyed, the illusion of reality (so intense in this case) is rudely and, we think, unnecessarily shattered. Secondly, the occasional use of a slang word or phrase is jarring—not because it is slang, but because if slang is to be translated into slang it must be absolutely the right slang; not American but English, not an oddity but a felicity. One final thrill, as it happened, this beautiful and noble book kept in reserve until the last page had been read; on its "jacket" were found to be printed the words—comforting indeed to all who scan the seas of mediocrity for the tiny sail of literature—"Awarded the Grand Prix du Roman for 1920."

Mr. Waddington of Wyck, by May Sinclair. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Waddington of Wyck is not a great book—is not intended to be great—but it is exceedingly well handled. The reading of the study of an egoist is always a nervous proceeding and few of us pass through it unscathed. The cap has an odd way of fitting the most saintly head. It is doubtful if anyone could read this book without misgivings. "There, but for the grace of God, goes"—oh, well, any one of us.

The theme is the struggle of the important Mr. Waddington of Wyck against "the ghastly imputation of middle age." His wife holds delicately aloof, so he suns himself in the imagined admiration of Barbara, who is his young secretary and also his wife's companion. He feels big, powerful, masculine. He must not frighten the little thing. The little thing, on her part, is enjoying him cruelly.

We have Mr. Waddington as politician, making a speech, the uncanny likeness of which to most of the speeches one hears has almost a frightening effect; Mr. Waddington gallant and sportive

with Mrs. Levitt, from whom, losing his head, he has to be rescued by Barbara in her official capacity; Mr. Waddington as author—and this is delicious. He imagines himself to be writing a book, "Ramblings through the Cotswolds," but it is Barbara who is writing most of it for him.

Not that you could tell the difference. Barbara had worked hard. . . . She had wallowed in Waddington's style till she was saturated in it and wrote automatically about "bold escarpments" and "the rosy flush on the high forehead of Cleeve Cloud"; about "ivy-mantled houses resting in the shade of immemorial elms"; about the vale of the Windlode, "awash with the golden light of even," and "grey villages nestling in the beech-clad hollows of the hills."

"Come with me," said Barbara, "'into the little sheltered valley of the Speed; let us follow the brown trout stream that goes purling—'"

"Barbara, it's priceless. What made you think of purling?" (It is Ralph Bevan, Mr. Waddington's former secretary, who is speaking.)

"He'd have thought of it. 'Purling through the lush green grass of the meadows.'"

"I'm giving you a good deal of work, Barbara," Mr. Waddington would say. "But you must look on it as part of your training. You're learning to write good English. . . . I might have written those passages myself. . . . Still, I think I should prefer 'babbling streams,' here to 'purling streams.' Shakespearean."

"I had 'babbling' first," said Barbara, "but I thought 'purling' would be nearer to what you'd have written yourself. I forgot about Shakespeare. And babbling isn't exactly purling, is it?"

"True—true. Babbling is *not* purling. We want the exact word. Purling let it be. . . ."

"And 'lush.' Good girl. You remembered that 'lush' was one of my words?"

"I thought it *would* be."

"Look at the way you've worked for me," says Mr. Waddington. "I've never known anything like your devotion, Barbara." "Oh, that! It was only my job," explains the girl. But he is convinced she is in love with him—to the end he is convinced she is in love with him. "There could only be one explanation of the ease with which she had received the stamp of his personality." Even her engagement to Ralph Bevan fails to make him see straight. "If it hadn't been for the little thing's sweetness and goodness—Her goodness. She was a saint. A saint. It was Barbara's virtue, not Barbara, that had repulsed him."

My Life of Song, by Madame Tetravzini. (Cassell, 21s.)

YOU know that the last time that you went to hear Tetravzini sing, your seat cost you half a guinea. To-day, for only twice that amount

he offers you all the song that is her life. Will you hang back? Do you object that first you wish to know more of a book which, in 300 pages, concentrates a life-song? I will try to tell you, but suppose you give me your idea of what sort of themes might or ought to form the stuff of such a book. You suppose, do you? that a great artist who lived to sing, to create beauty in sound, would have her thoughts wholly occupied with the wonder and the terror of this universe; that, on her page, ecstatic joys and tears from the most deepest sources of the soul would mingle sacramentally; that to read it would be to assist at the agony of a soul tormented with longing after dreams for ever "fading away on wings that follow down the paths of sleep." No. I believe that such books do exist, but the public will not as a rule pay a guinea for them. And though Mme. Tetrazzini is no doubt preoccupied from time to time with—er—sacramental thingummies, she knows very well that the public, like Mark Twain's Nigger Jim, "wouldn't give a dern for a million on 'em." The public, on the other hand, is keenly interested in the pearl necklaces adorning the neck of a prima donna. It will gloat over photographs of her gathering figs off thorns, and, between the shafts of a small cart, playing the part of lowlier and less gifted creatures. Then again it will listen to any kind of scandal and gossip, even that stalest of stale gossip, the gossip of the *coulisse*. But above all it does most greedily snuffle up the aroma of world wide success; it loves to read of powerful rivals defeated, of managers suing for dates on bended knee, of public acclamations, of progresses over red baize strips, of gigantic fees, of famous opera-houses crammed with bejewelled myriads; and of such things an abundant measure has been given in this book, abundant, pressed down and running over. And the second *motif* is not distinctly akin to the first; for besides telling the public of successes won, the gifted author thinks it no harm to guarantee successes to come. Wherefore

she booms, and booms, and booms—and that as gently as a sucking-dove. No better boost for a soprano could be invented than to be called "A second Patti," and Mme. Tetrazzini has built a Patti legend, in which she herself figures as the heir acknowledged and legitimate of that great coloratura singer. Thus it is that of *My Life of Song*, Chapter I bears the title, "Patti's Death and My Birth." Finally, recognising in sentimentality the strongest of all forces that sway multitudes, Mme. Tetrazzini has made up her mind that, in doing good, never, never shall her right hand be allowed to ignore what her left hand has brought to pass. Does a rival do her grave mischief in her early days imperilling all her future, and in after years does Mme. Tetrazzini return good for ill? Then be sure that the possibility of utilising coals of fire as an effective sky-sign will be by no means neglected. Out of such themes is this guinea book built up by the possessor of that prodigious voice and dedicated to all who "like me regard Music as the choicest of God's gifts to mankind." What! You reject the dedication? Ah, I knew you weren't *really* musical. F. R. G. D.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

The Wheat Plant, by John Percival, M.A., F.L.S. (Duckworth, 63s.)
The Pleasures of Ignorance, by Robert Lynd. (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.)

VERSE.

Seeds of Time, by John Drinkwater. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d.)
Will Shakespeare, by Clemence Dane. (Heinemann, 6s.)

FICTION.

Compensation, by Mrs. Henry Head. (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.)
Hosts of Darkness, by Ariadna and Harold Williams. (Constable, 7s. 6d.)

THE GREAT CRESTED GREBE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. H. OWEN.

I WAS fortunate enough to be observing a great crested grebe's nest at Aston Hall, the seat of General Sir Francis Lloyd, in Shropshire, during April, 1921, about the end of the incubation period. The eggs in this nest were three in number, laid at intervals of forty-eight hours. One egg was destroyed during incubation, by a moorhen probably, and the other two hatched at an interval of more than forty hours. Both birds shared the incubation. While the hen sat the cock fished mostly in the sheltered west bay of the lake and constantly preened and washed himself. As incubation advanced his fishing range decreased, and as hatching time drew near he seldom went far from the fringe of reeds round the nest. The hen's fishing range was never quite as wide as the cock's. Both birds were very alert on the nest, and for ever picking up little bits of weed out of the water and dropping them haphazard on the nest. Consequently the nest was materially raised during incubation. Both birds, and particularly the hen, objected most strongly to the near approach of any waterfowl. If a moorhen, for example, came among the reeds towards the nest the sitting bird immediately became restive. When the intruder came too close the grebe darted its head forward to full stretch of the neck, at the same time uttering a fierce gur-r-r, and the intruder always left at once. When the first egg hatched the cock took charge of the young one and carried it on his back between the wings; I never saw the hen carry it at all, even while the male was sitting.

Up to this time they had shared incubation in spells of about three hours. When the male had the young one, however, he had some restrictions on his diving, fishing and preening, and the consequence was he wanted to do a lot more of the incubation. On one occasion he finished his spell of some three hours, and willingly gave up his place on the nest to the hen at her bidding; I noticed that she seemed the ruling spirit. He went off and tried to behave as usual, but the youngster did not like it and cheeped in a most protesting manner. In about ten minutes the cock came to the nest and asked to be allowed on again, but the hen would not have it, so he went off again. In five minutes he was back again and was again refused. Then he came along pretty regularly every five minutes or so, but was sent away each time. At the end of an hour the hen suddenly called to him, a harsh sort of loud croak, and he hurried up and was all eagerness to get on the nest. The hen stood up and turned the remaining egg and slipped off, and he took her place at once and seemed very contented. I saw the egg turned four times that day, although it was hatched when I arrived next morning. Then the hen went fishing and brought small roach 1 in. to 1½ ins. long. As she reached the nest she called in a low note to the cock who slightly opened his wings and she fed the young one. Sometimes the food had to be put in its beak several times before it was swallowed. If she came to the cock bird's head she gave the fish to him, and he screwed his head round and fed the young one. It was quite amusing when she brought food and the



HEN SCARING OFF WATERFOWL THAT HAS COME TOO NEAR.



COCK WAITING TO TAKE HIS TURN ON NEST.

youngster was full up. She got quite agitated after trying again and again to induce it to swallow the food. She then swam round to the male's head and wanted him to try. He, however, seemed to know the true facts and would not look at her, let alone the food. He might have been made of wood for all the concern he showed. At last she gave it up as a bad job and went off to feed, wash and preen herself. If she was away until the young one was hungry again he signified it to his nurse by pushing through the wings and pulling vigorously at the tippet on the neck, accompanying it with a vigorous cheeping. The male soon made the female aware of the state of affairs. The young one was not

allowed in the water much for the first week. For the first day or two not much more than a yard at a time. From my screen I could not see too clearly, but I was under a very strong impression that the male floated the young one off and on his back. The young one invariably cheeped loudly while in the water. Later on the male seems to hand the young more and more over to the care of his mate and to end by separating from them. The grebes employed three methods of fishing, short plunges, long plunges and a rapid swim with the beak submerged to the eye. This latter was sometimes ended with a loud splashing plunge, quite different to the ordinary silent and almost splashless dive.



HEN TURNING EGG BEFORE GIVING UP NEST TO THE COCK.



THE COCK IN ALARM ATTITUDE.



THE COCK AT EASE, SHOWING YOUNG BIRD CARRIED ON BACK BETWEEN THE WINGS.



THE HEN FEEDING THE YOUNG BIRD IN ITS PLACE BETWEEN THE COCK'S WINGS.



AN ANXIOUS INVESTIGATION BY THE MOTHER—HAS THE YOUNG ONE SWALLOWED THE FISH?



THE COCK TOOK THE FISH, SCREWED HIS HEAD ROUND AND FED THE YOUNG ONE.



1.—WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE CHAPEL ROOF.

ETON COLLEGE.—IV

IT is an unfortunate individual indeed who, set down in such a library as that of Eton College and given, as it were, the freedom of a book-city, is not able in a short time to become, as a native, acquainted with the oldest inhabitants and sufficiently familiar with their places on the shelves not to need the directions of a catalogue. One does not require to be a bibliophile to realise that there are no more agreeable companions than old books—if possible with dusty bindings and crackling leaves—for each one of them in a great library can tell you something besides its contents: why it came to live there, who first presented it and what changes have passed, if we may say so, before its back. Let us, therefore, one of these long evenings, transport ourselves in imagination from our own fireside to College Library, overlooking Eton cloisters, for there we shall meet friends different from those in the club, and hear gossip surpassing in strangeness that of the bridge table. Our musings may appear rambling to an impatient reader who has never wandered with the dilatoriness of a delighted book-worm from volume to volume. But if you will remember that in fancy we sit before the Library fire, with the good smell of leather in our nostrils, you will pardon haphazard leaps from century back to century.

The earliest manuscripts—the original Charter, for instance, with its great illuminated capital H in which the Lords and Commons are depicted giving their assent to the foundation of the College, and the Bulls, signed with the leaden *bull* of Eugenius IV—these have had many adventures during the five hundred years of their life at Eton. The original Library, which in 1445 the Fellows reminded the King was empty or nearly so, would appear to have been in the eastern range of the cloister, and finished in that very year, together with five other chambers which were then provided with locks and rings for the doors. The Provost, in this petition, asked the King to give instructions to John Pye, his stationer, to secure all the books he could and at as low a price, especially the great library of the Duke of Gloucester, though, as a matter of fact, it became the nucleus of the Bodleian at Oxford.

At some period the books seem to have been housed in the vestry, probably at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, when the need for human accommodation

ejected them from their original home. In 1516, however, Roger Lupton began his buildings between School Yard and the cloisters, a portion of which he intended for a library. It was the large room on the first floor lying north of the tower. Here were two-light windows looking east and west, raised not far above the floor so that you could sit in their recesses and read, while the shelves projected from the wall spaces between

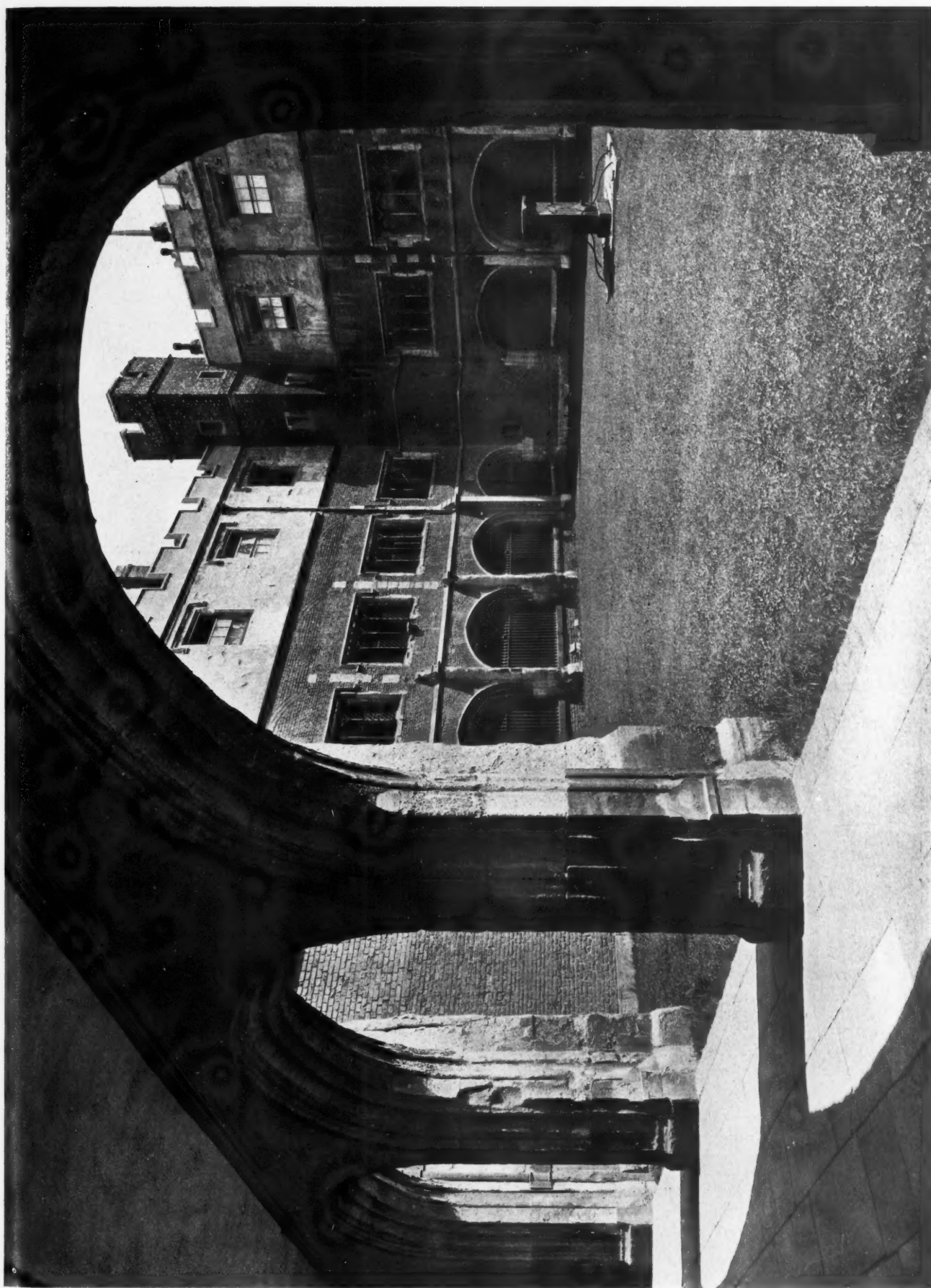


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2.—SEVEN CHIMNEYS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The back of Savile House, from the Slough Road.



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3.—THE CLOISTERS.

From beneath Lupton's Tower. The 1758 additions can be clearly seen.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

them. This room, now Election Hall (Fig. 6), was more fully dealt with in *COUNTRY LIFE* last winter, so that we may here content ourselves with a passing glance at its interior. We may remind ourselves that, though the walls are undoubtedly Lupton's work, the cloister arches below are almost certainly the Founder's, for they differ in no wise from the arches of the north and east cloisters, which we know to have been finished by 1446. A proof of this lies in the fact that Lupton's architects preserved too scrupulously the cloister face of the older work, and trusted the arcade to bear the weight of the new tower, which in a marvellous way it did until 1909, when cracks in the brickwork necessitated the insertion of a pier-buttress beneath the north-east angle of the tower.

The original cloister was a storey lower than it is to-day, and had in each corner a turret containing a small newel staircase,

attire and took a wife. This necessitated a certain amount of explanation in the King's letter to the Fellows ordering his election; the King had to admit that Smith was not a priest, and apparently thought it of no assistance to remind them that he had been; he therefore based his argument for selecting him on "his other qualities, the excellency of which far surmount the defect before rehearsed." This was very true, for Smith was one of the most remarkable men of his time; at Cambridge he introduced a new manner for pronouncing Greek, based on personal research among the Greeks of his day; he also compiled an English phonetic alphabet, which, however, was less successful. Soon after 1547 he was appointed one of the Secretaries of State, and in 1549 suffered a temporary detention in the Tower with his patron Somerset, where he wrote a small book of prayers "to pas the tyme," and versified certain of the Psalms. His "Commonwealth of England," compiled in 1565, remains a valuable and instructive picture of Tudor politics and of the "classes of the people."

At Eton, however, where he continued until 1554, Sir Thomas is remarkable as the first married provost, and the arrival of the vanguard of the monstrous regiment of women caused not only considerable consternation to the celibates of the cloister, but—we are not surprised—an enlargement of the Provost's Lodge. A kitchen was built between the Lodge and Lower School, and, probably in 1549, the books were turned out of the Library and the room was made into a dining-hall. At the entrance end, therefore, the screen (Fig. 6) was erected, the chamber continuing as part of the provost's lodging until the last century. It was Provost Goodall who, in 1816, inserted—or, anyhow, adapted—the larger pointed window at the south end of the cloister face of Election Hall to light a room which he walled off from the rest of the chamber to contain—what? A letter of his will tell us in his own words:

At 56 a man may be indulged with a hobby; and what nag do you imagine that I have mounted? Oriental literature I have disclaimed; Nimrod's propensities are not mine. To the black lettered bibliomaniacs I owe no allegiance. My limbs are not supple enough to become an active Lepidopterist. I adorn my greenhouse and garden in moderation, but my rage is an accumulation of calcareous matter, generally known by the name of Shells.

To revert to the sixteenth century, the religious changes of which Sir Thomas Smith was a symbol, had, ten years before his appointment, produced an earlier portent in the person of Nicolas Udall, headmaster 1534-37. In the latter year a robbery of silver

plate from the Chapel, committed by two boys, had involved Udall in an official enquiry by the Privy Council; now, he was one of those humanists of the school of Erasmus who were suspected of Lutheranism at that time, and the result was that he was found guilty of "scandalous immorality" and dismissed. He was, however, one of the Princess Mary's most intimate associates, a kind of tutor in fact, and was appointed soon after her accession to the headmastership of Westminster. But it is as a dramatist that Nicolas Udall is famous; he seems, during his retirement, to have been something in the nature of Court dramatist, though of his works one only, probably written for the boys of Eton to play before the Queen, has survived, and only one copy exists—in the Library at Eton. That play is rightly called the first English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister"



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4.—COLLEGE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The central portion, showing the simple design of the ceiling—purely English unaffected by rococo.

all of which still survive. But Lupton required a more imposing means of access to his new upper floor, so round the north-west angle turret he built three more gentle flights of steps, enclosed in an outer wall. This remains, though not untouched, as the means of ascent to the upper gallery that surmounts Henry's cloister.

The books were probably moved hither about 1520, but their sojourn was brief, for in 1547 Sir Thomas Smith was appointed Provost by Protector Somerset. Sir Thomas was something new in the way of provosts; like Lupton, he was a lawyer—Master of the Court of Requests—and he had been ordained a clerk. In 1547, however, just before his appointment, he did a very curious thing: although it had hitherto been essential for a provost to be in Holy Orders, he "put off" his clerical



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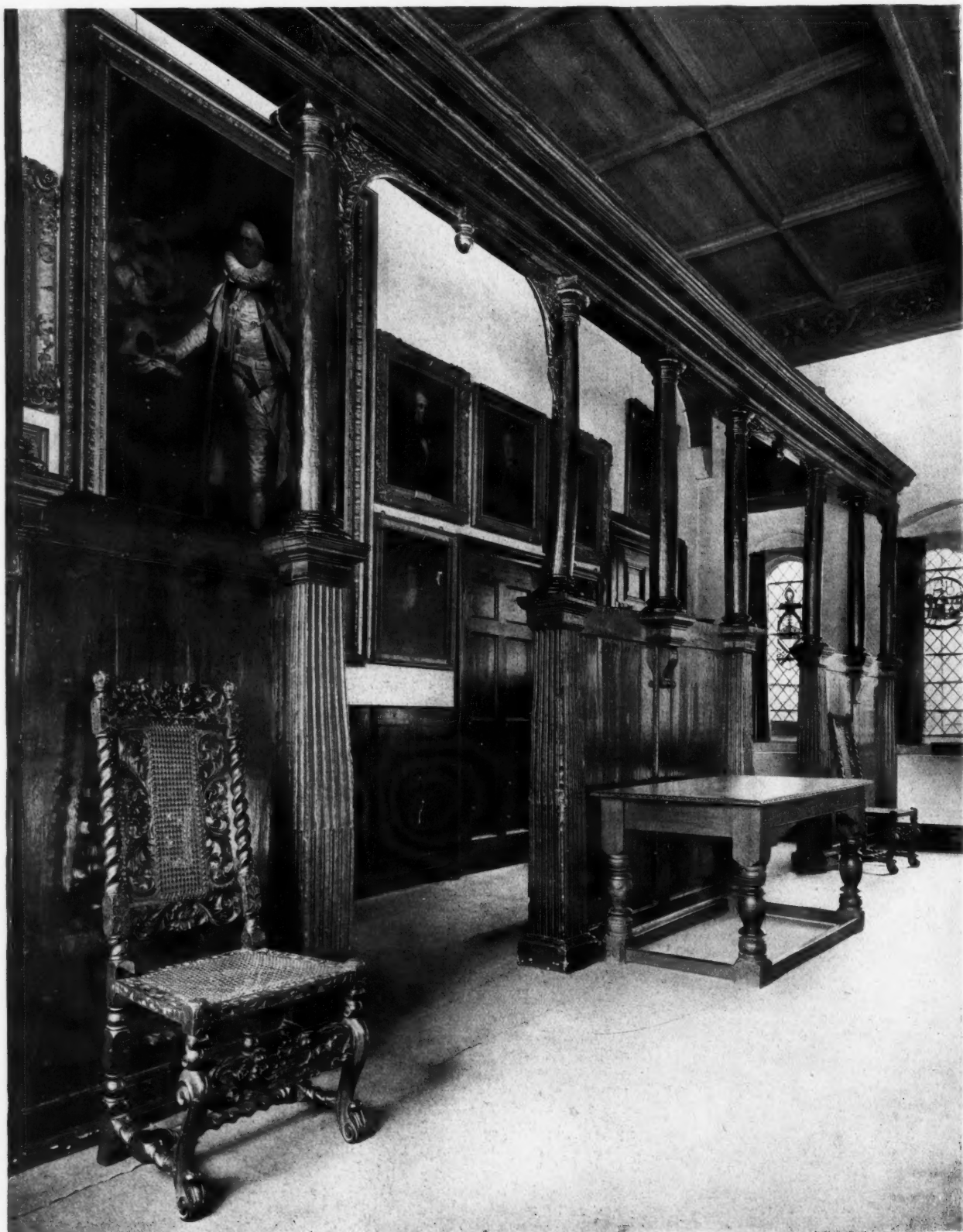
5.—STAPLE AUTHORS SLEEPING ON THEIR SHELVES.
College library, looking east.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

—the connecting link between the mediæval mystery plays and the great age that culminated in Shakespeare.

The fate of the books on their ejection from Lupton's library is unknown. The Reformation, no doubt, accounted for the destruction of many, neglect and peculation for the disappearance of others; it is probably during the fifty years 1547-95 that were lost all save the very small number of

were stars of equal lustre. One of Savile's first cares was for the rapidly disappearing books, which he collected, added to, and placed in a ground floor room beneath the east end of Long Chamber—now the pupil room of the Master in College. Books, indeed, seem to have been the one thing this man cared for. "Sir Henry," once said poor Lady Savile, "I would that I were a book too, and then you would a little more respect me." "You



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6.—ELECTION HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Built by Lupton as a library. Converted by Sir Thomas Smith (1549) into a dining-hall.

original books now remaining. In the latter year, however, Sir Henry Savile, Warden of Merton College, Oxford, furthered by his friend Essex, was appointed Provost by the all-powerful Cecil. Hallam calls Savile the man, of his time, most learned in profane literature; he also considered himself nothing less, and wished it to be understood that the great Scaliger and he

must then," remarked one who stood near, "be an almanack, madam, that he might change every year." His wife had, however, one greatest enemy—the early father St. John Chrysostom, on whose works her husband expended both his health and wealth in collecting, collating and printing them. She even proposed, when Sir Henry was suffering from

overwork, to make a martyr of the saint by burning him, for killing her husband.

In order to publish his Chrysostom Savile had to get a special stock of Greek type from the Continent, and to build a printing press which might be under his supervision; for this latter purpose he destroyed what remained of the original almshouse and farm buildings that lined the Slough road and separated it from what is now Weston's Yard. The Founder—we have not treated of the matter before—had originally planned this "Stable Yard" to be the principal entrance, on the northern side of which he established a community of "bedesmen." These seem to have disappeared during the critical years after his death, so that by Savile's time the place was literally a stable yard. Between 1603 and 1606, therefore, the existing gabled edifice with its seven curious chimneys was erected, in the southern end of which, now Savile House, the press was set up. The interior was adapted to later requirements, long after the sale of Savile's type to Oxford University in the early eighteenth century, and a century later became the residence of the Headmaster before he moved, in the person of Dr. Warre, to the north-east corner of the cloisters. A comparison of Fig. 2—the back of Savile House—with Fig. 8—the eastern face of the Headmaster's present abode—will show that the change was for the better.

Sir Henry Savile used to say, when he searched for assistants for his great work: "Give me your plodding student; if I would look for wits, I would go to Newgate; there be the wits." His right-hand man, however, Richard Montague, turned out in later life to be anything but a plodder; as a controversial writer of such books as "A new Gag for an old Goose" he showed himself, as Fuller expresses it, possessed of great "tartness of writing, very sharp the nib of his pen and much gall in his ink"; but he left Eton in 1628 to succeed Bishop Carlton at Chichester.

At this time Sir Henry Wootton, one of the great family living at Boughton Malherbe in Kent, was Provost. Of his previous career as ambassador at Venice we spoke last week. The circumstances of his election were noteworthy on account of the multiplicity of candidates, among them the ex-Chancellor, Francis Bacon, Sir Richard Naunton, a former Secretary of State, and Sir William Beecher, Clerk of the Council, whose preference the cynics suggested to be on the condition that he married the widow of his predecessor, Provost Murray, and "provided for her chickens," though the former was considered to be a hard condition. But neither he nor Sir Robert Aytoun, who rested his claims on sympathy for his countrywoman, Murray's widow, nor Bacon nor the famous Dudley Carleton, were appointed, but Sir Henry Wootton. His portrait, in which his face is lighted by a



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7.—TWIN DOORS OF THE 1443 CLOISTER. "COUNTRY LIFE."
Showing the diamond stops and foliated stop (much eroded) between the doors.



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8.—THE EAST FRONT OF THE COLLEGE. "COUNTRY LIFE."
Here, again, the upper floor, added in 1758, can be seen.



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9.—POETS' WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



10.—SIXTH FORM BENCH. JORDAN MEETING THAMES.



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11.—SHEEP'S BRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

whimsical smile, hangs in the Provost's Lodge; poor man! he was ever in pecuniary difficulties, for, as Izaak Walton said, he was so careless of money as though our Saviour's words "Care not for the morrow" were to be literally understood. His appointment rested largely upon his favour with Charles, since in his youth he had saved James I's life: being at that time in the service of the Grand Duke of Florence, he had been sent to warn James, when King of Scotland only, of a dangerous plot against him, and to accomplish his mission had assumed the guise of an Italian musician. As a diplomat, his sense of humour on occasions got the better of his discretion, for Walton describes him as saying that an ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country. As a young man he had been secretary to the Earl of Essex, and also a poet, who, though his output was small, yet wrote those exquisite lines on the Queen of Bohemia that begin:

You meaner beauties of the night,—

As Provost he was a constant cherisher of the boys, a meditator on divinity, yet a cheerful host whose meat was choice and his discourse better. After tedious study he would sit, sometimes with Izaak Walton, in a punt off the Playing Fields, and fish, for he held angling to be a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits and a calmer of unquiet thoughts. He would rather, he said, live five May months than forty Decembers. To the Library he was a great benefactor and presented many MSS., most of which he had acquired in Italy, the best from the library of Bernardo Bembo, which remain among the rarest treasures.

Among the Fellows at this time was the "ever memorable" John Hales, one of the least men in the kingdom and one of the greatest scholars in Europe, a founder of the Latitudinarian school, and the friend of such men as Sir John Suckling. Although in his earlier days he had been a Calvinist, in later life he had no sympathy with the Puritan régime set up in 1644 by the appointment of Francis Rous as Provost. Rous, by a curious freak, although Provost at a time when, theoretically, there was no House of Lords, is yet the only peer who has held that office. It came about in this way: he was Speaker of that assembly called the "Barebones Parliament" of 1653, which, dissolving itself, surrendered all authority to the Protector. Cromwell rewarded the Speaker with a writ of summons to the Upper House, when he re-established it, remarking that "he could not well do less than make that gentleman a Lord who had made him a Prince." Rous is, perhaps, best remembered as the author of the metrical translation of the Psalms which is still used in the Scottish Kirk. At Eton he is sometimes said to have planted the great elms of Upper Club and Triangle, though the audit books show that they were planted at various times throughout that century. He did, however, build the house called Weston's (Fig. 12) in 1650, that got its name from Dr. Weston, the Lower Master (1693-1705). Earlier buildings, no doubt, did stand on this site, and certain bits of masonry, incorporated in the present one, may, as tradition asserts, have formed part of Henry's almshouse.

At the Restoration, "Lord" Rous was succeeded by Allestree, and little occurred which is unrelated in one of our previous articles. In 1675 the books were again turned out from the library provided for them by Savile into the gallery next the Hall, in the south side

of the cloister, which has entirely disappeared. Here they lay, well arranged but congested owing to the narrowness of the gallery, until, in 1720, proposals were set on foot to build a regular library. It was at one time intended to build an octagonal one in Brewhouse Yard, at the east end of Chapel, apparently something on the lines of the Radcliffe Camera at Oxford. This, however, was abandoned in favour of the present structure, suggested by Rowland, who was at that time engaged in rebuilding the Hall, and executed by him in 1725-28. The original south walk of the cloisters, presumably similar to the rest, was pulled down, and a more classical arcade set up some ten feet further to the north. Above it, and running parallel to the Hall, a triple library was constructed, the square central portion containing the fireplace and a ceiling of plain yet elegant modelling. Here, during the eighteenth century, were accumulated by bequest a remarkable collection of books and MSS.: A Mazarin Bible, bound by Johannes Fogel of Erfurt (1455), the only copy of which the binding bears his stamp; the Topham Collection of original drawings after the antique; an unrivalled collection of early plays left by Anthony Morris Storer, whose fine bequest included a mass of early Italian literature, circumabula and Aldines; Udall's "Ralph Roister Doister"—the unique copy, picked up by chance in 1811; "Jack Drum's Entertainment," for a similar copy of which £600 was recently given. These are but a few of the treasures. Storer also bequeathed a beautiful collection of mezzotints after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The last alteration to the cloisters which we have to notice took place in 1756, when the upper floor was added and the turrets raised in proportion. The addition was well executed, so that the result is harmonious, though the original string-course seems to have been removed to enable a series of brick relieving arches to be built to take the weight of the upper floor off the original four-light windows of the gallery. This was rendered the more necessary by the cutting off of the shallow buttresses that formerly strengthened the wall. The replaced string-course was thus raised by about two feet.

As we said at the beginning, Eton Library is a good place to go to on a winter's evening, after you have seen what Gray called "the little victims play"—or, to be less sentimental, Lower boys kicking about on South Meadow. In the summer, too, it is good to walk from this quiet habitation of books up to Sheep's Bridge and Sixth Form Bench trying to recover that art, lost since the seventeenth century, of meditation. But we have no space



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12.—WESTON'S, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.
Built by "Lord" Rous in 1650.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



13.—"REGARDLESS OF THEIR DOOM THE LITTLE VICTIMS PLAY."
So moralised Gray, so, perhaps, does Waynflete in his niche on Antechapel looking down Keate's Lane.

nor inclination to point a moral: only, in conclusion, I must acknowledge my authorities—in chief Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte, who is the staple author upon Eton; Willis and Clark's chapters, and Mr. Austen Leigh's excellent

little guide. From Mr. F. R. G. Duckworth I have received great help, especially in the earlier articles; while, throughout, the Provost and the Headmaster have been all kindness.
CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

HIGH PHEASANTS AT IWERNE MINSTER

By MAX BAKER.

WHEN a high pheasant is really qualified to count as such? is a question to which I have long sought the answer. We all know the real low pheasant which rises under compulsion more or less from the level of the feet and energetically surmounts any coppice growth of a height that forbids skimming at the ground level. When a pheasant is put over any sort of mature tree it begins to be high. Granting that the tree may be 18yds. high, and that further odd yards must be added for the effect of angle, the majority of such shots work out at from 20yds. to 25yds. from muzzle to bird. A suggestion of majestic height begins to steal upon the observer when the altitude attains 25yds., giving a shooting distance of 30yds. or more. When the range attains 40yds., partly by height and partly angle, we get "corkers." At the finish one must depend on eye impressions, if only because accurately gauged ranges seem to belittle the painfully obvious fact of supremely difficult shooting.

At Iwerne Minster I witnessed an absolute orgy of high birds, high by appearance, high in fact and, no doubt, high also by mensuration. This choice little village (which, by the way, is phonetically rendered Euren) nestles in a cleft of finest upland scenery. Extensively sweeping downs rising almost to mountain height supply the dominant note, and yet the cultivated ground with its chalk subsoil offers suggestions of mellow richness not usually associated with sheep pasturing areas. Socially, the village is just one big, happy family, owning Mr. James Ismay as its head and looking to him to act the part of guide, philosopher and friend. Our columns have only recently contained particulars of his latest benefaction in the form of an institute, so no more need be said under this heading except to indicate its effect upon the shooting. This highly co-operative estate contains approximately 4,000 acres, of which something like a quarter is wood, and the rest about equally divided between grass and arable. In auctioneering language the whole of the farms are in hand, so that all the workers on the estate are in the direct employment of what may be styled its governing director. Shooting days are red-letter ones which nobody would willingly miss, hence the imposing array of beaters, all clad in serviceable white smocks. And well they sweep the country, no short cuts and no shirking of even the most brambly places. The head-keeper, Thomas Hubbard,

marshals his army with fine judgment; there is a good spirit in the ranks; they hunt in silence and repress those exuberant tendencies which sometimes mar the effect of otherwise excellent work.

With one slight exception, no rearing has been done on this estate since 1912. The decision was a noble one, for the choice lay between utilities and amenities, and utilities won. Judging by the splendid show of birds at every drive, no one would be conscious of deficiency; but the fact remains that, bar 150 birds reared this season to introduce a change of blood, the entire output has been achieved by natural means. The shooters were more than satisfied, for, even if they have seen more birds in the air at once, they have never seen better.

The first drive was characteristic of others that followed. A long fold in the downs, seemingly fashioned by Nature for use as a rifle range, was fringed on either side by woodlands, the pheasants in their flight from one side to the other supplying the first indication of what was in store, a sort of *hors d'œuvre* to the feast just commencing. The birds were not wonderfully high, but they came from all angles and heights and flew towards no particular destination. The second beat gathered in another bit of wood on the same hillside, delivering the surviving part of its contents to the same widely diffused covert as before. According to the Ordnance maps, the extreme elevation difference between the summit of this and other hills and the intervening valleys is round about 200ft. The point of departure is not, of course, the topmost pinnacle, but there is no doubt about the general effect of height. The coverts, as a general rule, were completely hidden from the guns by the shoulders of the hills.

In the third drive these conditions were particularly emphasised, for, on proceeding up the main valley, a right-angle branch was revealed, a veritable cleft in the downs giving the suggestion of a deep railway cutting. The woods on either side were completely hidden from the firing line, so that there never could be more perfect conditions for getting the guns into place and driving the birds in the way they should go without premonition of the reception awaiting them. Such ideal conditions are seldom seen in pheasant shooting, and then in only one favourite beat, but here they appear to be as much the rule as on favoured grouse moors. The skyline was the shoulder



W. A. Rouch.

STANDING WITH THEIR BACKS TO A WOOD.

Copyright.



FACING A VERY STEEP HILL.



THE LINE OCCUPIES A RIPPLE IN THE DOWNS.



of the hill some 80yds. away, the incline being approximately 25°—and we must remember that 30° always looks like 45°. Whether looking up to the brow of the hill or down from the brow into the valley, the effect was one to compel respect for the shooting problem presented.

The beaters were doing their work very well: no huge flushes such as delight the photographer, just a gentle and sustained trickle, first in one place, then in another, with intervals to excite expectation as to whose turn would come next. Perhaps it would be a covey of partridges of real November quality, maybe a pheasant which had mastered the footballer's art of swerving. There was no limit to their variety, the sliding, skating kind travelling with motionless wings on the down-grade with uncanny speed, or the excited, twisting sort all in a flutter on discovering the assembled company below, the sort of bird which ends by doing a steep climb, so making one overdo the allowance business. Then there was the kind that just flies—very high and very fast. No high-tower theorist of shooting-school training would know quite how to deal with him. No doubt, most of the birds could have been got sixteen times out of twenty provided they would fly the whole twenty times precisely alike as regards speed, elevation and point of departure; but the actual thing is not so accommodating, and sighting shots are unknown in the pheasant shooter's vocabulary.

The drive following lunch revealed yet another of these ripples in the earth's surface. The birds seemed to come from nowhere and to go nowhere, meanwhile diversifying the previous experience by crossing the line at all sorts of slantwise angles. Truly, the wild pheasant is a wonderful bird, more refractory than his reared brethren to disciplinary processes, burdening the keeper and his staff of helpers with a pack of worry, but rewarding their enterprise to the full by affording the guns huge satisfaction when they are successful and giving them something to think about and ponder over when they miss.

The final drive of the day was exclusively concerned with partridges. It took place on a nice stretch of arable country, but as the birds did not favour the end of the line at which I happened to be located, while the other was hidden by intervening trees, I could not form any very definite opinion concerning it, other than to conclude that there yet remained a number of unthinned coveys and to wonder whether the guns were not standing rather too close to the ample fence in front of them. The birds which came over our part of the line were certainly on top before the shooters realised the fact, a fast-gathering mist adding to their general sense of difficulty.

That the pheasant can survive in the presence of an ample supply of foxes was proved to demonstration by the constant appearance of these sportive creatures. Their consternation on finding the usually deserted valleys lined with their enemies was most amusing: clearly what happens in the coombes is entirely unknown to the denizens of the uplands.

The second day did not start like the first, for we stood in a ride and had the birds driven towards us without any apparent provision to prevent them from running forward till they



THE BEATERS HAVE JUST FINISHED A DRIVE.



ONE SINGLE BIRD HIGH ALOFT BUT OUT OF THE PICTURE.



W. A. Rouch.

CHANGING GUNS.

Copyright.

had detected our presence. Those that flew were not rocketers, while others could be heard breaking back. In Norfolk, where this particular problem is normal, they have perforce taken appropriate measures; but here, where there is less need, the guns were content to treat this drive as a mere preparation for something more special beyond. And their expectation was justified, for perhaps the steepest of the larger valleys on the estate lay beyond the covert into which the birds were being shepherd. When travelling by road to the starting point we negotiated on low gear a long and yet steep hill skirting the side of this valley. From the Southerner's point of view it was a stupendous cleft in the earth, with, on the opposite side, just one little bit of scrubby wood overhanging the brow for all the world like the middle piece of hair which is brushed forward by those going thin on the top. The main wood lay on the plateau beyond, but this little promontory, specially planted for the purpose, led the birds forward and definitely fixed their rising point.

When we arrived at the valley we found that hurdle butts had been fixed just about one-third down the incline. These

I located as 48 full yard paces from the shoulder of the slope. Holding my stick at the mean angle of the incline, I ruled it into my notebook, subsequent measurement showing it to be 18°, or 1-in-3 in terms of road contour. The lowest flush point was thus as nearly as possible 16yds., or 48ft., above the shooting stands. Standing on the floor of the valley, the birds would have been three times as high, and yet the one-third distance made them high enough for the most ambitious or fastidious shooter. The above measurements are very interesting. To walk up the slope was like going upstairs; it looked twice as steep as measurements made it. On the opposite side was a rise equally steep, and the birds pursued an approximately level flight until they nose-dived into a covert conveniently located for their reception. Measuring with a pencil held at arm's length, the birds at the distant end of the line appeared to be seven or eight times the height of the shooters; so all evidence confirms the belief that these quite high birds were in the region of 20yds. up. Comparing with the previous day, when the full depth of every valley was utilised, I should say we had quite a lot between 30yds. and 40yds. up. A visiting keeper, from whom I invited an estimate of the height of birds which by this rough estimation would be about 30yds. up, confidently stated that they were fully 70yds. high, and he was amazed when I disagreed. Myself I have respect almost amounting to trepidation for pheasants at a 30yds. elevation, but I prefer to think of them as 90ft., for this better represents my scale of thinking.

The before-lunch drive was an interesting variation from their accustomed method of dealing with a complicated series of woods. Though very beautiful, these woods just straggled about with no definite arrangement, merging into others beyond the boundary, all equally scattered. I had no leisure to enquire what was the ordinary method of driving, but this time we lined our beaters on the boundary and gradually drove the woods inwards, getting some nice shots at pheasants breaking back. Finally, they were brought into a sort of peninsula, round the extremity of which the line of guns had formed a half-circle. Sufficient success attended the experiment to justify permanent adoption of the plan involved, subject to sundry modifications as suggested by the experience gained. The long, chilling wait inflicted on the guns in the open might be materially curtailed by dividing the beaters into parties and sweeping simultaneously the series of coverts which was, this time, taken in rotation. Again, there is some doubt as to whether the tendency of the birds to refuse the final flight arranged on their behalf was due to their having spied the shooters or was because they had been taken too far from home. In the first event the remedy would be to prevent the birds from running forward the full length of the peninsula, while, if the second supposition holds the field, the whole party of guns would advance with the beaters and be halted as soon as the birds

had been gathered into the peninsula to await the stirring-up which promotes return flight.

After lunch a small, compact plantation, completely isolated, was driven into some larger woods beyond. Why and how the birds got up in such a splendid fashion was somewhat of a marvel. The guns stood fully 60yds. away from the covert side, and a line of "snewing" had been set up some 10yds. in from the edge. What is certain is that they rose almost perpendicularly and, refusing to be turned from their original purpose, passed high over the guns, turning, twisting and veering in the most perplexing fashion. Splendid sport



THE MODEST LATTER-DAY GAME CART.

was offered, and splendid shooting was exhibited in dealing with it. At this stage I had to leave, more than sorry to be obliged to miss the culminating drive, for which this was but a part of the preparation. Two things I forgot to mention earlier—one, the beautiful incident of a roe deer breaking covert and careering across the valley; the other the fact that coverts newly planted on the brow of such hills as this country provides serve all the purposes of pheasant shooting from the moment of their installation. No doubt, time improves them in certain respects, but in the first seven years of their career they offer equal attraction to partridges and pheasants. Finally, abundant thanks to Mr. Ismay for a wonderful demonstration of a supreme and *recherché* brand of pheasant shooting.

ON THE GREEN

PROFESSIONALS AND AMATEURS AT GOLF.

I DARE say I am quite wrong, and, perhaps, it is presumptuous of me to say anything on the subject at all, but I have a conviction that in this debate on the question of the relative play of professionals and amateurs neither "A. C.," who started the hare, nor "B. D.," who joined in the hunt, have quite gone down to the roots of the matter. I love a mixed metaphor. I am nearly sure that the reason of the professional's better play—for we may make that, in the round, our common assumption—is psychological, and we must get down to the psychology of the matter before we shall understand it.

I was one of those, Mr. Laidlay being the other, to have the doubtful honour of reference by Bob Martin in his dictum that the only difference that he saw between us and the professionals was that we had "mair to eat and mair to drink." In respect of the latter end of the indictment, I am quite sure that if we had the privilege, we did not avail ourselves of it as we might. We neglected our opportunities. But the professional golfer of that day and of that northern country had a valiant thirst.

But, of course, it is quite true, as "A. C." and "B. D." have pointed out, that directly one of the great amateurs goes over the Rubicon and turns professional, he seems to become a better player at once. It has been so with Abe Mitchell and many another hero whom we could name. Why is it? Well, this is not the first time by many that this particular hare of debate has been put out of its form. I discussed it some while ago, and then, out of the blue, a professional prizefighter wrote to me. It was not a challenge. He wrote to say that he had quite lately crossed over from amateur to professional ranks as a fighter, and the difference, as he explained it, was this. As an amateur, when he went into the ring, he always felt just a little flustered at first. He was in surroundings not quite usual. Therefore, he got taken at a disadvantage at the very start by a professional opponent, and often was beaten by

a man not so good as himself, just because of this initial disturbance of nerves.

He turned professional, and immediately all this was entirely altered. He was flustered no longer. He now went into the ropes just as a matter of business, as it was—just, as he said, as a carpenter might go and hammer nails into a chest he was making. Only it was his opponent's head that my friend hammered. He said it made the greatest difference in the world—just the fact of calling himself a professional—in this regard of the business. It had now become really his business and no longer his pastime. All was in that.

And so it is, I am morally certain, with a golfer who goes across and becomes professional. Golf is now the pre-occupation of his life, of his thought, and also—do not forget this—of all that subconscious mental activity which, as we are beginning to learn, counts for so very much more than our forebears had any idea of. The only amateur that I can recall who has given anything like the concentration that a professional gives, and must give, to the game is, as Mr. Darwin has said, Mr. Hilton. He has had his reward. Others may have been, and are, very keen on golf—oh, yes—and, perhaps, enjoy it with just as full a zest in the moment of playing; but when a game is a game and not a man's business in life, it is, and it should be, a thing to which—how much of his thought, shall we say, should be given? Certainly not the whole. Even if he should try to concentrate himself entirely upon it, he would not be able. The business of his life, that by which he makes his bread and butter, would jump up and assert itself mentally like a Jack in the Box. But now, as a professional, the game has become his business and his means to the bread and butter. Nothing competes with it seriously. He is now able to keep his eye on the ball without any temptation to distraction, and, thus concentrated, he must, other things being equal, be learning all the time more than the other man, who is only semi-concentrated. Moreover, when he comes into the arena for the great event he will still, like my friend the fighter, be doing business. It will put no new stress

on his nerve. He will hammer the ball as the carpenter hammers a nail or the pugilist plugs up an eye—all in the day's work. This is my reading of the riddle.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

PUBLIC GOLF IN RICHMOND PARK.

A GREAT deal of interest has been aroused by J. H. Taylor's suggestion that a public golf course should be made in Richmond Park. Taylor, who is a Vice-President of the Artisan Golfers' Association, expressed himself in his letter, as he always does, vigorously and well, and I believe that the great majority will agree with him. Nobody would desire to circumscribe the pleasure that this beautiful place gives to thousands of people who love it and do not want to play golf, but Richmond Park is a very big place and a big crowd of holiday-makers can practically be lost in it. A golf course could be tucked away in some comparatively unfrequented corner of it and hardly anyone would be the wiser. Care should and no doubt would be taken not to interfere with any part of the park which is particularly popular. There have been one or two rather frantic letters decrying the project. One might imagine from them that to walk anywhere near a golf course is as dangerous as to face a machine gun, and that the song of the birds is entirely drowned by ceaseless yellings of "Fore." Considering the size of Richmond Park, this seems really rather absurd. Nor can it be seriously asserted that the beauty of the park would be impaired. Unless I am too grossly prejudiced, a golf course is not so very ugly a thing, and Taylor, who has volunteered his services as the architect, expressly says that he would try to lay out as "natural" a

course as possible. I do not know if the public golfers would have to wear red coats, as they sometimes must on commons. From an æsthetic point of view I am disposed to hope that they would, for the little splashes of bright colour on the green always seem to me to look pretty at Wimbledon.

There can be no doubt that there is a real demand for golf courses by those who cannot afford to pay subscriptions to clubs. A great number of people to-day take an interest in the game and would like to play it if they could. Wherever anything in the nature of an artisan golf club has been started, as, for instance, at Ashdown Forest and Walton Heath, it has been the greatest success and has made for friendliness and good fellowship. Golf has always been, in the proper sense of the word, a popular game in Scotland and might become one here, to the great benefit of the populace.

In America there is a large number of public courses and it is always growing. I remember, when I was in Chicago in 1913, being told that if I would get up at five in the morning and go to a certain park I should find rows of teed balls and their owners waiting their turn for a round before the day's work began. I am afraid I took the statement on trust and stayed in my bed, but that is neither here nor there. Public golf in America has made great strides since those days. If one picks up an American golfing paper and reads the account of some big amateur tournament, one sees constantly the exploits of So-and-so, "a young public course player." It is an excellent example to follow, and I wish Taylor all good fortune with his public-spirited project, and may he have many imitators.

BERNARD DARWIN.

ON THE SUBJECT OF STIPENDIARY STEWARDS IN RACING

IMPORTANCE OF CONFIDENCE IN HORSES.

THE question of introducing stipendiary stewards for the better supervision of racing in England threatens to become an established feature of Turf politics until such time as the idea be conceded either wholly or in part. One sees evidence of the idea growing in favour among thinking men, who can only have the best interests of racing at heart, and, what is of some significance, there is a powerful Press behind it. The stout walls of prejudice in this matter, which the members of the Jockey Club have built up around them, will not always withstand the battering to which they will be subjected. What has reintroduced the subject just now is the dissatisfaction with what has been going on in connection with National Hunt sport. Lord Jersey, as is well known, dealt with the subject in his Gimcrack Club speech, and, before leaving for South Africa a week ago, Lord Lonsdale found an opportunity, in conversation with an interviewer, to denounce the principle and sketch a truly fearsome picture of the consequences, which, he said, would take the form of State control of racing, while no one would be found to act with paid stewards.

It is thus made clear that, though Lord Jersey and Lord Lonsdale are not speaking as the mouthpieces of the Jockey Club, they must, nevertheless, be accepted as voicing official opinion of the governing authority of English flat racing. They have, no doubt, exchanged views in an informal way, for Lord Lonsdale is the Chief Steward of the Jockey Club, and it is said that Lord Jersey will soon return to office as a steward. Thus we must certainly pay heed to their opposition to the policy advocated by those who are tired of the weaknesses of the old time system of honorary stewardship, and the harm that is, consequently, being done to the sport through the lack of proper supervision. The fear of State control is surely fantastical, and I find it difficult to read what may be in Lord Lonsdale's mind. Lord Jersey's fear of intervention on behalf of the State was in regard to the Pari-mutuel, and intervention would undoubtedly be the case, in the sense that Parliament would have to sanction the receipt of revenue from the taxation of the gross volume of betting, as is the case in France. But why fear the State on this question of paid stewards as against unpaid ones? Does Lord Lonsdale fear that the change would be tantamount to admitting the existence of such evil that paid assistance was necessary in order to combat it? If so, then I think there would be few to agree with him. There would be a great many to join issue with him.

And why should those who have been acting at present refuse to work with men of honour merely because they accepted payment for the devotion of the whole of their time and skill to the work? Would a loss of dignity be involved? If so, the Turf has certainly not shared in that democratisation which has characterised every other of our great national institutions in recent years. The reason that there are stipendiary magistrates and paid handicappers, judges and starters of racing is in order to secure efficiency and whole-time service. This is an age in which the specialist primarily counts, no matter what his profession may be, and I most seriously suggest that the matter of local stewardship should be made the vocation of the specialist, who is equipped socially, and with intimate

knowledge, honour and a personality to command respect on all hands. Respect at present is not always forthcoming, and we have it on the authority of Lord Jersey that local stewards are not supposed to interest themselves in any but their own local affairs. Racing cannot be supervised by such restricted means, and one is, indeed, astonished that Lord Jersey should have made himself responsible for a theory which must fail to be efficient in practice.

One could advance some personal and none the less weighty grounds in favour of the advocated change from honorary to paid stewards, but to do so would merely create an unpleasant atmosphere which should, if possible, be kept out of the controversy. One might mention names of well known local stewards who are notoriously keen on betting, but I hope it may never be necessary to do so. These gentlemen are scrupulously honourable, but they bet regularly, and that should be sufficient to disqualify them apart from anything else. The wonder is that they do not recognise the feeling in this matter and decline to act, but either their vanity and love of office, or their disregard of the canons of good taste on these points, forbids them to do so. I agree with those who have written boldly elsewhere (not in the sporting Press, for they seem to have no independence in the matter of outspoken criticism) that recent racing under National Hunt rules has been a reproach to the authorities. It will certainly continue so until such time as stewardship is strengthened far beyond what it is to-day.

It is really extraordinary how the very dry year, amounting as it has done to drought, has affected the ground for the training and racing of thoroughbreds. It may never have been like it before in December in our time—at least, I have no recollection of anything like it. Newmarket Heath is still as hard as a road just beneath the surface, and it is indeed difficult to realise that we are on the threshold of another year when, normally, the whole land should be soaked from winter's rain. In looking back over recent years it has generally been the same story of too much rain, interfering with sowing, impeding agriculture, and causing the going on racecourses, especially those laid out on soft clay soils, to be holding and severe for the horses. I have been racing lately at such courses as Newbury, Lingfield Park, Sandown Park, Kempton Park, Windsor, and Gatwick, and it is the same everywhere—really hard ground of such a nature as to be dangerous for horses jumping. One evening last week there were two or three hours of rain, and a report was sent from Lingfield that the going was perfect. The experience, however, was that while the surface had been wetted it remained only greasy, and beneath the herbage the ground was just as hard and unyielding as it has been all through the year. One of two horses were not run because of it, and I know that the jockeys who came to grief found they were not exactly falling on a cushion of down.

Confidence is everything in a steeplechase horse. I saw a striking demonstration of that in the two horses, Culprit and Active Lad, that figured most prominently in the three mile steeplechase last Saturday at Lingfield Park. A year or two ago Sir James Buchanan's agent in these matters purchased a good steeplechaser in Ireland for him, and as Culprit really was a pretty good horse the price was a big one. The Irishman

knows how to open his mouth if he has a good horse to sell, and especially if he has reason to know that he is being sought after. When Culprit first came to carry his new owner's colours he was a most uncertain jumper and seemed altogether lacking in confidence. One or two falls did not do him any good in this respect, and critics came to get rather a low opinion of the stuffy looking Irish horse. This was how I regarded him when this new season started, and few took much notice of him when he ran for a three mile race at Newbury. I happened to be standing by the last fence when he charged at it most bravely along with Kincaid, who fell, and one other. Several others, including St. Bernard and Gerald L. (who have won good races since), were behind. Once over this fence Culprit went on to win in good style. Still I did not think such a lot of it as I inclined to a belief that he had won because most of the others were probably unfit and therefore not much fancied. But we were re-introduced to him last week at Lingfield and no horse could have given a cleaner display, never putting a foot wrong so far as I could see. The explanation, I am sure, is that he has got his confidence back again.

Take the case on the other hand of Active Lad, which was very much fancied to beat Culprit in this same race at Lingfield. He jumped like a horse that has lost confidence, and if we wonder why we find a likely explanation in the fact that when out not long ago at Sandown Park and very much fancied, he came

down heavily. Clearly that fall has shaken his nerve, and for the time being he is incapable of showing anything like his true worth. Sometimes he jumped too big as if taking an excess of care; at others he would jump crosswise to the left as if he wanted nothing better than to jump the wing. I have seen other examples of the same thing and one I have in mind is Daydawn, which has come to be most erratic. In the Newbury race, won by Culprit, I remember that he fell through being brought down by the fault of another one. I expect lots of my hunting friends have noticed the same thing with their hunters—the value of confidence and the seriousness of the loss of it.

I think we should have seen out the last Grand National winner at Lingfield had the ground been better, that is much softer, than it was. Shaun Spadah is very well and probably much better than he was at this time last year. The steeplechasers that have made the best impression this season so far as it has gone are Chin Chin, Culprit, St. Bernard (of whom the best has not been seen), Sir Huon and Ardgour. The best hurdler above three years of age is Senhora, and I do not think we have seen a really good three year old hurdler out unless it be Old Times. I thought Euphrosynus promised a lot, but he badly damaged his reputation at Lingfield, and Mr. Dixon's Wild Honey showed himself to be a considerably better one. Very soon the young hurdlers will be four years of age and a top notcher may be introduced; it may be by Tom Coulthwaite, who, meanwhile, thinks a deal of Old Times. PHILIPPOS.

CORRESPONDENCE

A MEMORABLE DESTRUCTION OF AUTOGRAPHS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The accidental destruction by fire of precious MS. or autograph collections in our times has probably been far from common, owing to the great care bestowed upon them and to their portability; but there have actually occurred certain deliberate destructions of such treasures which have escaped chronicle, owing to the fact that they have been carried out before their extent or the value of the letters and poems had become known to the literary world. The motive has sometimes been prudishness or fanaticism or carelessness; but in the only case personally known to me, which occurred in 1888, and with the almost entire hoard of Mrs. Anne B. Procter's (1800-1888) precious letters and those written to her husband by the Lambs, Coleridge, the Brownings, Thackeray, Dickens and Tennyson, and not a few by Swinburne and Arnold, the motive was, I trust, a unique one. It was chagrin, coupled with a feminine desire to outwit both the law of bequests and three male literary executors who had been specially entrusted to use the said masses of letters in a discreet and dignified manner, as it is quite certain such men would have done. They are all departed now. The box containing these letters, all done up affectionately in very careful bundles, was clandestinely removed from 19, Albert Hall Mansions to a lodging near the Fulham Road, and there deliberately burned at the kitchen fire. If their numbers must remain entirely doubtful, it cannot be doubted that these were very large, because Mrs. Procter was in the habit of sending occasional packets of them to myself to read through and enjoy; and only in the previous year I had procured from her for my other literary neighbour, Mr. J. Dykes Campbell (Secretary of the Browning Society), then busy writing his *Life of Coleridge*, the privilege of a loan of 127 letters of Dickens, the smaller packet of Lamb letters, and over eighty letters of Thackeray. These he had devoured with profit, and had nearly done with, when news of Mrs. Procter's last illness touched his conscience as to their possession, and he personally returned them at her door and wrote to tell me he had done so. A certain number, but not many, of the letters of rather secondary importance she had given away, at various times, or had lent, for publication, to certain literary craftsmen; and, with her permission, I had myself copied one or two that seemed to me to contain details regarding Keats and Lamb which I had not found referred to elsewhere. The following, alluding to a carriage accident, is one of these:

"July 4, 1820. 13, Mortimer Terrace.
"MY DEAR PROCTER,—Keats and I, albeit we have had to condole with each other on our respective diaphragms, would have been very happy to see you and Hazlitt. I have indeed had a good shake, and Keats a worse: but we are now getting better, myself particularly;

and all my family are well. I ought to have called upon you many times; but hurry and fatigue first and latterly illness, have prevented me,—not at all any of the feeling you allude to: though I confess I have yearned in vain to return you at least some of the Dewes which you dropped upon me. They will rise by and bye. Many thanks for your Book, which I hope to show my sense of in proper time I have, however, as you guess, to speak of *Shelley* again first, or I should have done this a week or two ago: but in fact I have been able to write nothing for the *Examiner* for a fortnight, and I perhaps shall have to take another week's newspaper-respite. Mrs. H(unt) joins with me in her best remembrances.

"Ever, my dear Procter, yr obliged and sincere friend,
LEIGH HUNT."

In another, the same writer (to the same friend) says: "here is a golden opportunity for you to behave like a humane Christian and heap coals of fire on my head; vindictive charity, unappeasable forgiveness! *Charles Lamb* and his sister come to drink tea with me (*i.e.* at *Highgate—near-the-Grove*, July 13, 1826), tomorrow afternoon at five,—dinner being prohibited him by that 'second conscience' of his as he calls her. Well, to meet and be beatified with the sight of *Charles Lamb* comes Mr. Atherstone, author of some poems of which you have most probably heard. And, as poets, like lovers, can never have one beatific vision, but they desire another, I no sooner mention your name than he begs me for God's sake to let him have a sight of you. Pray gratify us all if you can. Whether you can or not, I shall take an early opportunity of giving you a look-in myself. *Hazlitt* is gone to France and is to write a *Life of Bonaparte*. Does Mrs. Procter ever go abroad? as far, for instance, as Highgate? There are some Ladies here who have been in London. Mr. Patmore will be with us." Needless to say, the originals of these are no more: and Mr. Browning, who was pleased to dictate the last to me, died soon after.—ST. CLAIR BADDELEY.

THE PINNACLES ON ETON CHAPEL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your number of December 10th are views (10 and 11) of the pinnacles on Eton College Chapel. By what would appear to be an oversight, the writer of the very excellent article which these views illustrate omits to state that the pinnacles in question are entirely modern, no single stone in them having, probably, been laid before 1876 or 1877, when the ancient pinnacles of simpler design and lower in height were ruthlessly destroyed. Whether these new pinnacles are altogether an improvement is open to doubt—they are certainly higher than was intended by the original architect. I believe that when the old pinnacles were torn down some fragments of the ancient reredos were discovered in portions of their stonework. The Eton authorities of the past perpetrated many artistic crimes—the drastic destruction of all this old work was harmless

compared with their treatment of the interior of the Chapel.—RALPH NEVILL.

[We thank our correspondent for drawing attention to this omission from the article on Eton College Chapel. It is only one of the many enforced on the writer by the limited space at his disposal. In the article we were able to give no description of the Chapel as it appeared from 1700-1844, with the classical organ loft opposite the second window from the west end, the classical reredos, the plastered roof, and the floor level from the altar to the organ loft, beneath which five steps provided a means of descent to the antechapel. The pinnacles referred to in the letter printed above were, indeed, smaller than the present ones, but these, erected in 1876, are more nearly of the height prescribed for them in the *Will*, namely, 20ft.—ED.]

CHRISTMAS POSSET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The Christmas Eve or Christmas Day posset was known in most farmers' homes and in all the better sort of poor folks' houses in some parts sixty to seventy years ago. The posset which I knew and enjoyed in my younger days was a famous dish, if not a real Christmas feast, and was a compound which needed careful preparation. A 6lb. or 8lb. cottage loaf was cut into four equal pieces and this was grated or shredded very fine into a large bowl, such as is set to allow cream to rise on milk. Then a large pan of milk, made hot on the fire but not allowed to come to the boil, was poured on the bread and stirred to mix, spices such as ginger and sweet pepper being added with sugar, honey or treacle and a stick of cinnamon to add to the flavour. When the compound was nearly cool a gallon of hot ale or wine, such as elder or cowslip, was added, also well spiced and sugared, and still more stirred till the whole was of the consistence of thick soup. The whole household and invited neighbours gathered round—mostly young people—and then the lady of the house, in the sight of all, dropped into the bowl of posset a wedding ring, a golden guinea, a shilling or sixpence, a bone button and a bean—either a horse bean or broad bean. It was again stirred up with a pint or quart of brandy or half a dozen eggs, well beaten, and was then complete. Next, a lot of basins or bowls—one for each in the party—were produced, and the mistress or master proceeded to ladle, with a long brass ladle a portion into each smaller bowl, taking care to dip to the bottom of the large bowl each time. When all were served they began to eat with metal or horn spoons. The ceremony was then all fun, for the bowl which was found to have in it the ring indicated that the holder would be married during the coming year; the one who found the gold coin would become wealthy; the finder of the silver coin would secure plenty without riches; the one who got the bone button would be poor for life; and the one finding the bean would have a large family with poverty into the bargain.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

A VILLAGE GUIDE BOOK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of an unusual and instructive Sign at Bentley, a little village four miles south of Farnham, on the Winchester road, which may be of interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. It is of wood; one side of the open book gives a large-scale map of the neighbourhood, and the other an account of



BENTLEY'S VILLAGE SIGN.

the various points of local interest, and a historical survey of the place since the days of the Romans.—E. BASTARD.

MIGRATION OF WOODPIGEONS.

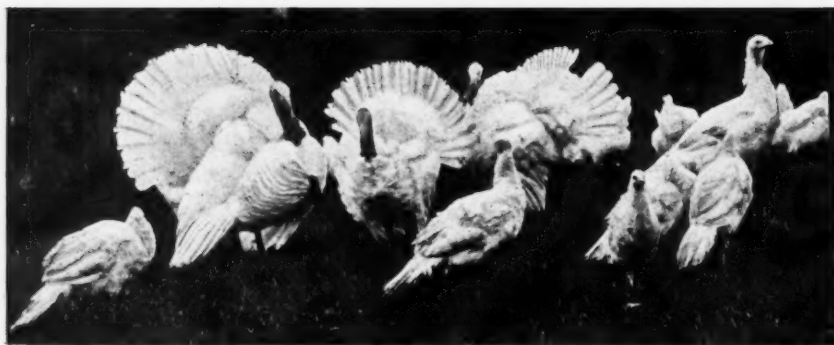
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On November 22nd an immense flock of woodpigeons was observed near Teigngrace in South Devon. The pigeons flew in a compact column, which was, perhaps, 6yds. or 8yds. wide, and of such length that it appeared to stretch right across the sky. This vast flock, which must have contained many thousands of birds, was travelling in an easterly direction. I did not see the flight myself, and my informants could not tell me whether the birds were light or dark coloured, but it may be presumed that they had come from the Continent. On the other hand, I have shot several woodpigeons since in the vicinity of Newton Abbot, and all have been the large, light coloured home-bred birds with well defined ring. One of them weighed 21½ oz., which is unusually heavy—19 oz. is a large bird, and the majority run 1lb. or just over. Pigeons, when searching for acorns, turn over the dead leaves, and a wood which has been visited by a large number of them will have its leaf carpet scratched lightly in all directions. The scratching, however, looks very superficial as compared with the vigorous work of pheasants. In South Devon one usually begins to see the dark foreign birds about the end of December, but, no doubt, the time varies according to the severity or otherwise of the weather in the country the pigeons come from. In South Devon it is still quite mild, and the sun often shines warmly. Two days ago I saw a big brown butterfly flitting strongly about among some trees, and a squirrel which lives in a little copse near my house can generally be seen very busy about midday.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph which I am sure will be of interest to your readers as the



"MAN, CURS'D MAN, ON TURKEYS PREYS,
AND CHRISTMAS SHORTENS ALL OUR DAYS."

Christmas season is here. These beautiful white turkeys have been reared by Mrs. O'Halloran, Fairwood Lodge, Killag, Glamorgan, who is, by the way, a regular reader of COUNTRY LIFE. I think you will agree with me that they do her credit and are worthy of the most festive possible Christmas.—W. S. BEYNON.

CEREMONIAL VESTMENTS OF THE JUDICIARY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Many visitors to the Law Courts must have noticed the variety in the vestments of the learned judges presiding over the different proceedings, and recently a newspaper remarked on a special robe which the Right Hon. Mr. Justice Darling wore in his Court on St. Andrew's Day. Can further details on this interesting subject be ascertained by the generality of citizens—or is it a matter upon which information is not vouchsafed by the high legal authorities?—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

A VERY RARE VISITOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope you will be interested in this photograph. It depicts a specimen of the American yellow-billed cuckoo, an extremely rare visitor to Britain, only six previous specimens having been recorded in these islands since 1825. In that year one was found in co. Cork, and the last previously recorded was on Lundy Island in 1874. This bird was shot



THE AMERICAN YELLOW-BILLED CUCKOO.

Only seen here six times in a century.

at St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly, a few days ago.—C. J. KING.

A LONG MARCH!

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While attending to the repair of an old military chest of drawers I came across the following inscription on the underneath portion of one of the drawers, and thought it might perchance be of interest to some of your numerous readers. "1842 The detachment under the command of Major Patteson left Chatham *en route* to Gravesend on the 25th July, embarked on board the ship *Agincourt* and sailed at 3 o/c in the morning. Arriving at Portsmouth, we cast anchor and remained there four days for the purpose of taking in provisions and passengers. During the voyage we got into a slight storm which shattered a considerable portion of our mast. After arriving at Calcutta, which was

on the 14th of November, we remained there until the 5th of December, and then proceeded to Cawnpore, not getting there until the 23rd of March. That was a march indeed! Written by Henry F. Evans,

"2nd Lieut. Fusiliers.

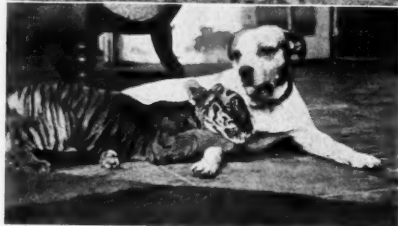
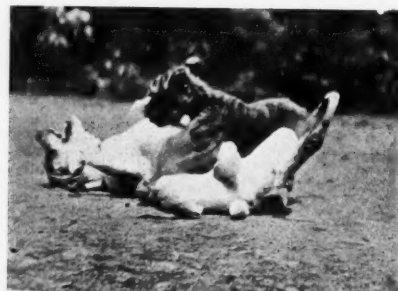
"May 24th, 1843."

Possibly there may be among your readers some descendants of those who made this march.—THOMAS FISHER.

THE TIGER AND THE BULL-TERRIER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose two photographs of a dog and tiger; you may think them worth inserting in your interesting paper, which I have been



"I HAVE HAD PLAYMATES, I HAVE HAD
COMPANIONS."

reading for the last twenty years. The dog is a bull-terrier belonging to my brother-in-law, who lives in India; the tiger was under four months old when the photographs were taken. I may add that a cat used to join in the play, and all three fed together off the same dish.—B.

ETON AND BURNHAM BEECHES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I congratulate you on the very interesting article on Eton in COUNTRY LIFE of December 3rd, and the most excellent photographs accompanying same. I am looking forward to the further numbers with increasing interest. I hope you will not mind my saying, however, that a photograph of the College from the river (the Lock Island) would have had a more pleasing effect, particularly having regard to the opening paragraph of the article, and to the fact that the river is so much a part of Eton looked at from the point of view of associations and also from a picturesque point of view. I should also like to say that the same issue has a double interest for me in your article on and photographs of our beloved Burnham Beeches, which I have known and been immensely fond of from very early days. There is a point in connection with your article on Burnham Beeches to which I should like to direct your attention. Of late years there have grown up in the Beeches, and particularly on the north-east side, large numbers of Scotch firs, and they are spreading at an extraordinarily rapid pace. The peculiar characteristics of Burnham Beeches are not to be met with in any other spot that I know of anywhere in the world, and it would be impossible to imitate them. The foliage of the beech and the birch trees is peculiarly light and feathery, which, added to the peculiar atmosphere of the place, gives Burnham Beeches a characteristic all its own; but this characteristic is being marred by the presence of so many fir trees, which, as you know, in a landscape present an entirely different character. This is so much the case that in course of time the Beeches will become, instead of a wood of beech and birch trees, a forest of fir trees. There is no second Burnham Beeches in the world, in my opinion; but there are many forests of fir trees.—HARRY RENWICK.

MODERN CLASSICAL ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA

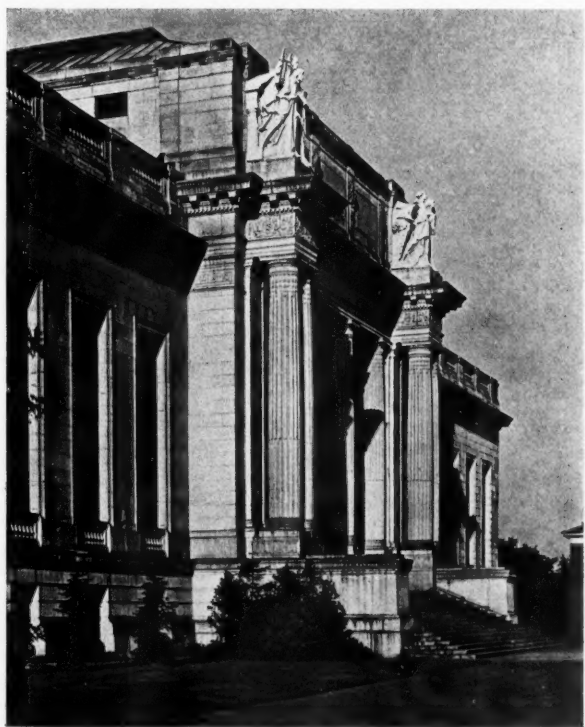


WISCONSIN STATE CAPITOL.

George B. Post and Sons.

IN the realm of domestic architecture we have nothing to learn from America. The very beginnings of scholarly work in what are now the United States sprang directly from our own Georgian, and if we look at American domestic architecture of to-day we see that it is inspired not only by the early Colonial work, but also, and very pronouncedly, by the houses which are our own peculiar heritage. Apart from a few features, and apart from incidental matters of equipment, American houses are not distinctively American in the way that the big commercial and civic buildings are.

This fact was very clearly to be observed at the recent Exhibition of Modern American Architecture in the galleries of the Royal Institute of British Architects, for the majority of the country houses there shown reminded us directly of those in England which have come down to us from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Sometimes a French or an Italian influence, or (in the Californian houses especially) a Spanish influence, was to be noted, but the general character of the work was fundamentally English. This is for us a matter of no little pride, seeing that in the development of modern architecture in the States the

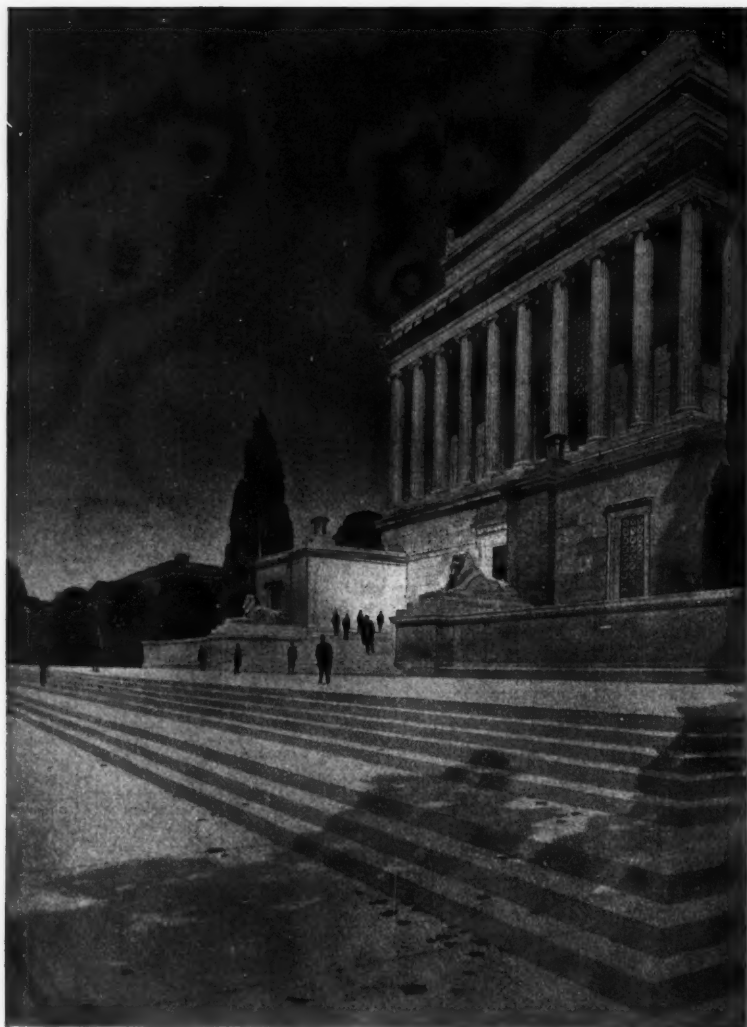


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Donn Barber.



CENTRAL PUBLIC LIBRARY, INDIANAPOLIS.
Paul P. Cret and Zantzinger, Borie and Medary.

TWO AMERICAN LIBRARIES.



TEMPLE OF THE SCOTTISH RITE, WASHINGTON.
John Russell Pope.

whole world has been ransacked for the best available models. And very much the same may be said of American ecclesiastical work, though in the translation of English Gothic there is lacking, in the majority of cases, that elusive humanising quality which belongs to the work of the old craftsmen of succeeding centuries, a quality not to be duplicated mechanically *en bloc*. It is a quality which the hand of time enhances, and to which the passage of centuries adds a glow. Money cannot purchase this. Yet we may recognise that there is at least one American architect, Mr. Bertram Goodhue, who, by sympathetic study and intuitive skill, has caught a good deal of the feeling which is enshrined in the work of the English church builders. It is realised very remarkably in the Chapel of the Intercession and in St. Thomas's Church, New York.

When, however, we come to consider the architecture of large commercial buildings, great blocks of flats, and civic and state buildings, these call forth unstinted admiration from us. They show a standard of achievement far higher, a scale far more monumental, than our own.

Upon the occasion of the opening of the American Exhibition something was said about this in *COUNTRY LIFE*, and illustrations were given of the new Cunard Building and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, each inspiring and each notably successful. These were cited as representative examples of a large commercial building and an institutional

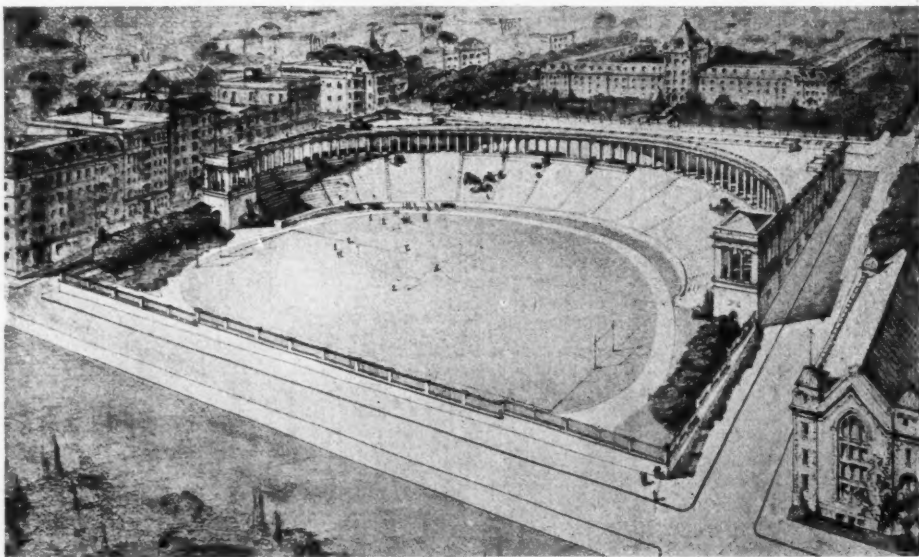
building in the United States. Had space permitted, one might have shown some of the magnificent work of Messrs. McKim, Mead and White, in a great railway terminus, a huge Post-Office building, or a monumental arch, but the bare mention of such must, in the circumstances, suffice.

As further expressions of American classical architecture in buildings of differing kinds the accompanying illustrations are now given. There are many State Capitol buildings in the States, and as showing the generous scale on which they are carried out the one at Minnesota, an early work of the late Mr. George B. Post, may be regarded as typical. Similarly, the two libraries shown on the preceding page are representative of that broad treatment and scholarly dignity which characterise American library buildings.

In the Temple of the Scottish Rite at Washington, by Mr. John Russell Pope, we see a fine piece of dramatic, spectacular architecture. In outward form it would seem to have derived its inspiration from the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, but inwardly it differs wholly from that original, there being on the entrance floor an atrium with offices around, while above is the Temple Room, used for various Masonic rites, but primarily intended as a setting for impressive ceremonies held every other year. Further to indicate its modern character, we may note that the structure has a basement that constitutes a large banqueting-room, and a sub-basement where an elaborate mechanical plant is installed. Masonic symbolism has entered into its component parts. Thus, the approach steps rise in groups of three, five and nine to the terrace in front of the main entrance, from which springs the huge podium wall, with colonnade above, the columns themselves being monoliths thirty-three in number and thirty-three feet in height.

Yet another phase of modern American architecture is seen in the Stadium of New York College. The gift of a wealthy donor (it cost fifty thousand pounds), it shows again the big scale that characterises the States. The Stadium seats seven thousand spectators, and is particularly interesting as being an architectural example of reinforced concrete construction. We are accustomed to think of concrete as a most excellent material for use in the constructional parts of a building, but one to be subsequently covered up. Here the whole structure is concrete frankly disclosed, and no one will gainsay the fine effect of it, with its colonnade of concrete columns sweeping around on the semi-oval line. The seats descend in twenty tiers, and underneath their supporting structure are dressing-rooms, baths and kindred accommodation connected with the sports of a great college.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



STADIUM OF NEW YORK COLLEGE.
Arnold W. Brunner.